

# WAR CRY

THE  
OFFICIAL  
GAZETTE  
OF THE  
SALVATION  
ARMY IN  
CANADA  
AND  
NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 32. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, MAY 12, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## The Commandant's North-West Trip Proves a Remarkable Success.

IN TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS SEVEN THOUSAND MILES WERE COVERED.

Twenty-Eight Meetings were Conducted, besides a number of Open-Air Demonstrations and Receptions at Railway Stations en route.



CORDOVA STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Sinners were Saved, Soldiers and Christians Inspired.

INTENSE PUBLIC INTEREST WAS AROUSED.

Ho, for the Jubilee "War Cry."—May 19th.

## MRS. BOOTH

VISITS

## OSHAWA.

## Splendid Reception at Railway.

## A BIG CROWD AT THE TOWN HALL.

## A Two Hours' Meeting.

## MAGNIFICENT EXPRESSIONS OF LOYALTY FROM SOLDIERS.

Mrs. Booth left Toronto, for Oshawa, by the 5:30 train on Monday afternoon, to conduct a great meeting at the Oshawa Town Hall.

It is not often Oshawa is stirred as it was on the occasion of Mrs. Booth's visit. As the train glided into the Oshawa Depot, the place appeared as if it were a city.

"What's on?" said a passenger. "A wedding."

Brigadier de Barritt, and a number of officers were on the platform to receive Mrs. Booth, while outside the station, a number of vehicles, filled with happy, expectant Salvationists, in lively colored garb, and wearing welcome sashes, and with gaily bedecked streets, waited to fire a downright volley, and in every possible way, show how very real was their welcome to our co-leader in the War.

As the string of vehicles proceeded on Simcoe Street, a large number of people lined the four curbsides, for a look at the Army's leader.

Mrs. Booth highly appreciated the warm welcome, and spontaneous expressions of love that greeted her.

It was a big crowd that assembled in the Town Hall for the meeting, while the platform and the hall was filled with a closely-packed host of warm-hearted Salvationists, who had come some of them twenty and thirty miles to be present. No wonder God blessed them, and that before the meeting tears of joy were descending from many an eye.

"And how's the baby?" said a dear sister who had come three miles to pay Mrs. Booth a visit of love at the quarter.

"Oh, he is better now," replied Mrs. Booth. We have had such a trying time with him; he was twice given up by the doctor, but I am glad to say he is doing beautifully now."

The meeting was led by Brigadier de Barritt, Ensign Ely, Captain Bunker, Lieutenant Tucker, and numerous other comrades from Downsview, Whitby, and neighboring towns, looked very happy. Johnny George declared in pure German, "I'm getting young again."

Both the Methodist ministers were present. Rev. Mr. Jelliffe occupied a seat on the platform.

Mrs. Booth sang us that exquisite song, "Farewell."

and gave an interesting and convincing account of Army progress in Canada that excited many a smile, winding up with a pungent appeal for practical religion.

"Well," said a lady, "those statistics convinced me."

The choicest time, spiritually, was in the soldiers' assembly, after the public meeting. All hearts seemed touched as Mrs. Booth gave the Commandant's message to the soldiers. No more loyal response could possibly emanate from any soldiers than proceeded from the lips of the soldiers at Oshawa. There were assembled men who had been desperate sinners and half-hearted rebels against their Maker, but they told with weeping eyes and heaving bosoms the story of their rescue, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, till the hallowed influence seemed to permeate every soul. A brother said, "If I cannot do anything else, I can weep."

About 11:30 p.m. the meeting concluded with a hand-clapping movement to be true to God and the Army, and to bring in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Booth has pressing invitations to revisit Oshawa and several other corps, which were represented in that gathering.

## "Redeeming the Time" is an Important Duty.

What does it matter if we lose a few minutes in a whole day? Answer: Time table (days in a year, 315; working hours in a day, eight). Five minutes lost each day is in a year three days, two hours, and five minutes; ten minutes in six days, four hours and ten minutes; twenty in thirteen days, and twenty minutes; thirty minutes in nineteen days, four hours, and thirty minutes; sixty minutes in thirty-nine days, one hour.

## A HOT JUBILEE!

BY CORRESPONDENT RAILTON.

Our German Press unfortunately takes its English news chiefly from those English newspapers which are supposed to represent "the upper ten," but which, as far as the Army is concerned, represents the shameless and continual lying of men who can conceive of nothing better than their own stupidity and selfishness. Therefore, the paragraph as to the Jubilee which has so far gone the rounds, pictures the whole thing as a mere scheme to get another million marks for the German's own disposal "according to the custom of the Salvation Army."

Well, we are not at all ashamed that it is the custom of the Salvation Army to place millions of marks at the General's feet, so to speak. That used to be the style of giving when God had an Army before, and may it never, as far as we are concerned, be altered into any approach to the communitarian socialism of the untrustworthy and unscrupulous crowd!

But I must confess that paragraph has made me extra believing that God will confound all these enemies once more, not only by granting that all the money, and more, may come streaming in, without difficulty or delay, but by demonstrating that He understands and will gratify the heart of our General, and of us all, better than the blind world.

What an encouragement to everybody's faith should be just to look back upon the General's fifty years! When was any of Christ and the saints of old that they are intended to be leaders in faith and service, it seems often so hopeless to get anywhere near them. But now God will, I trust, through this Jubilee, raise up before the eyes of all the world His present champion, and make many a little, doubting soul see how much may be done in one truly God-given lifetime.

But now here is at once a test of our faith. If God can do so much in fifty years of one life,

What can He do in Three Months of Two Hundred?

If only each two hundred of the whole Salvation Army would regard their April-May-June time in that light, what a July we should have.

And, thank God, the signs of the time, at any rate in England and Australia, point to the probability of an extraordinary three months. Every report of a new salvation evident on the ground gives reason to expect a general baptism of faith and love, and a renewal in every heart and life of the first devotion and the first conquest, which are so difficult to repeat when the first hardships are past.

But this whole question is one of individualism. We all wish that to the one individual most concerned, the Jubilee may be most satisfactory. And we all know, as do pretty nearly all honest men in the civilized world (which does not, of course, include all editors), that the only way to make it so, is for everyone to see that he and she attain all the fulness of Jubilee blessing.

That means a hot Jubilee! There are plenty of cold ones in the world, where, in spite of all appearance of enthusiasm, all manner of drinking, fasting, and speculating, everybody knows that there is no love at all felt or shown. But here, by the grace of God, is to be a hot Jubilee, in which the great feature is to be the raising of the largest possible number of persons to a red-hot condition of love to everybody else.

What is your part in the matter going to be? If you are red-hot, you will certainly have no share with the poor, little critics, who will peck at every proposal made as they come, but you will push the whole thing with all the energy you can.

But if you are not red-hot already, what then?

If you prefer to stay lukewarm, nothing will be easier than to "hold aloof from the whole non-working affair," and even make it an excuse for withdrawing "from all further connection with the Army," the only safe thing for you to do if you are really sure of getting coolly to heaven.

But if you really fear, lest a promise having been left you, you should fail to enter in through the unshut, or other failure or shirkings of heart, then the best thing you can do, is to seek at once God's help to make the utmost you can of the Jubilee, first for yourself, and then for the world. I am perfectly certain that every one of us will have to answer to God

for it, if we in any way fail to make the most of the chance.

And yet I can quite imagine some dear, half-awakened soul—possibly even an officer—opening his eyes, and asking, "But What Has the Jubilee to Do With Me?"

What, indeed!

What will it have got to do with you if it should turn out that one of the most wonderful uprisings of God's people that ever happened in the world's history, happened all around you, and that you never saw that you had anything to do with it?

The General has put before us all practical plans enough, so that nobody can fail to see in them some chance for his own personal activity. But I rather wish to urge, above and beyond all that, direct dealing with God on the matter, so that we may do all He expects of us. Then the Jubilee will not merely be a mere transitory effort, but will go on with its efforts, producing other jubilees for ever after.

You may perhaps reasonably ask me what I mean to do. I have thought the only sufficient way to celebrate the Jubilee would be to

Attack One of the Unattached Kingdoms,

and especially that one which distinguished itself by replying to our first International Congress address, "We won't have you here!" Now that they have to do with a German Army, they cannot quite say that; but, whatever they may say or do, we shall certainly be able, at least, to put the whole country into that state of fear and dread, which is the first step of the conquest.

We have taken the best means we can to arouse the attention of the Saxon Government and people to our coming, so that if they have any objections, they may make them in time to guide a little the form of our attack.

The experience of the last few days has greatly encouraged me on this subject. Right up to the Russian frontier, miles away from our nearest corps, I have found as general and how deep is the understanding of our essential purpose, and the dread of its accomplishment.

"So you want to convert us, too?" was the salute of the friendly policeman as we walked into the village.

"What! those false prophets! Why, they'll take my pipe away!" was the exclamation of a pious smoker when invited to our meeting.

It is a positive embarrassment to us that anybody who dares to take our WAR CRY as one so much identified with us by everybody that we cannot even say "good evening" for just one meeting to help him to gather a nucleus of supporters; and yet, on the other hand, the fanatical hatred against us on the part of all the combined forces of unbelief and evil make every fresh step bear testimony to the reality of our power, and of the enemy's power, too.

All this makes me certain that it is utterly impossible to exaggerate the importance of this Jubilee to the world. Nobody can possibly conceive of the extent to which God has already honored and used the General and his Army, or the extent to which it is hated and dreaded by hell and hell's allies.

I was much impressed the other day, whilst visiting a

Desperate Infidel in his Smiting,

with the power of the hallow. He used them, perhaps, extra hard to emphasize his contempt for all we could say, but I was much struck with the amount of heat got out of a handful of slack in a few moments with plenty of blow.

I thought, That is it—plenty of blow. Keep blowing, and no matter how little the handful of people upon whom plenty of the heavenly breath is made to come, that is—you will keep up heat enough to melt steel hearts. Do not let us, like the Christian world, be confused and paralyzed about the shame of Divine and human power. The last fifty years' story is one vast demonstration of the extent to which God has placed the heavenly breezes at the disposal of one vigorous man.

We have got bellows capable of making with one effort a roar of fire in every corner of the world. And the poor world is still cold enough. Now, take hold and

Blow for all you see Worth.

Let us have more heart-melting, more life-compressing in 1894 than was ever accomplished in fifty years before. I'm certain we can if we like.

A daily paper in Hamilton, O., headed its announcement of the arrival of the Army with a large-typed "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!"

## Welcome Home, Commandant

## AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

## Startling Jubilee Programme.

## UNITY AND VICTORY.

The Welcome tea at the Parkdale Room Home, given by Mrs. Booth on the occasion of the Commandant's safe arrival from his flying trip to the Coast, eclipsed everything that has gone before of the new character—in its exquisite delicacy, good arrangement, and cordial affection.

The Toronto Staff, with Headquarters and Reserve officers, were present in full force.

The band greeted our Chief in melodiously with a beautiful chorus:

"Welcome, welcome home."

Amongst so many charming features, it is difficult to know which to dwell upon first.

Whether the beauty of the long dining-room, with its simple, yet all-effective decorations, the quantities of gay napkins draped in every corner, or the myriad choice flowers and evergreens filling the air with a fragrance of summer.

The "uniformity of uniform" making the place all bright and cheerful with its yellow, red, and blue, and the white stars of the Reserve officers.

Or still more effective the expression of warm-hearted willingness and love on the faces of those who ministered to our needs, and whose hands had toiled busily and spontaneously to effect so charming a meal.

The long table, laden with shining glass and simple dainties, especially fruit, was surrounded by as thankful and happy a crowd as could be found the wide-world over.

Everyone of the thirty-five testified, with many expressions of full cordial affection for the Commandant, and Mrs. Booth, who, by his side, was radiant with the happiness shared with others.

But the climax of the whole—as usual—was the Commandant's sparkling address, full of ever-varying anecdotes and reminiscences of his long journey; full of enthusiasm for the grand North-West with its infinite possibilities.

His account of the journey was as truly descriptive and so pictorial that we felt as if we almost travelled over the whole 7,000 miles again without stirring from our comfortable chairs.

But at last the unfolding of his scheme for the great Jubilee of our main General almost took away our breath.

Truly, without any doubt, if these proposals can all be launched—as they surely will—Canada will come more, not only in the way, but surpassing the rest of the world in the directness of aggressive effort to spread the Kingdom of Christ in this year when we celebrate the fiftieth year of our General's commencement of his public ministry.

## The Fight at Richmond St.

Captain and Mrs. Savage hold the first historical fighting ground. A vast revival service was inaugurated by the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, Captains Atwell, Clark and Horn. Capt. Burrows also unexpectedly turned in. The fruit of the united soldiers' meeting in the Tuesday previous was apparent at the early knee-drill, and in conjunction with, we believe, every other city corps, a great increase was noticeable at the early morning knee-drill. Praise God!

This meeting took the form of a brilliant service and God drew near to us in a most wonderful manner.

Morning, afternoon and night the bells rang. The newly-formed brass band of good service, and our comrades from Upper Street, who came over to give us a lift on the way, fought heavily and well. Organ, cornet, violin, brass instruments and tambourines were all to the front and united to make melody to our Lord and God.

Prayer meetings were well fought on, and the Brigadier pronounced our outposts at Richmond Street in as good fighting trim as he had known them for some time.

All the above-mentioned officers, present during the day, took part in what comrades described as "a pounding of the devil," and at night we executed our RABBITING ROUTE RAVED.

Captain and Mrs. Savage are in victory.—SOLDIER.

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How Shall we Celebrate the General's Jubilee in Canada? See Next Week.

## FROM Toronto to Winnipeg.

(Continued.)

At Port Arthur and Port William—Colors Presented—150 at Kees-Drill—Seven Souls—Two Towns Halls Filled—Drums Presented—Great Expectations—A Change—New Barracks—Provisions.

BY MAJOR READ.

On Saturday night, the barracks at Port Arthur was packed to witness the presentation of colors. What free, jolly, happy folk they are. We felt at home.

Mrs. Read presented the brand new flag. Its colors were explained, and evidently many were ignorant as to the proper meaning of the tri-colored banner. Eagerly they listened, and glad they looked, as Captain Milner received the flag on behalf of the corps. Both big and little drums were presented to the corps by kind friends and soldiers.

We had heard a lot about the big kneedrills at Port Arthur. We expected a crowd on this special Sunday morning. On opening the barracks door, we found the seats nearly full. Over one hundred and fifty had gathered for early spiritual breakfast. How's that, Winnipeg? With such a crowd, at such a spiritual table, filled with such spiritual dainties, we, of course, partook, and came away strengthened. PORT ARTHUR CHALLENGES THE WHOLE DOMINION IN THIS RESPECT.

At our Fort William Holiness meeting, five strong men knelt at the Cross for deliverance from inbred sin. One's mouth had been gagged by the use of tobacco. Pulling a dirty "plug" out of his pocket, he told Mrs. Read to burn it, and promised to bring his dirty pipe, and burn that, in the afternoon, which he did. Another's temper had overcome him. God gave him perfect love. The other three testified to complete deliverance.

The Fort William Town Hall had been greatly free of cost for the afternoon and night meeting. It was well filled in the afternoon. Numbers of people, who had never attended an Army meeting, came to see and hear, and they enjoyed it, too. Captain Hayes passed the colors over to her first convert, who is to act as color-bearer, and he feels it a privilege to do so.

Brother Brown kindly drove us back to Port Arthur for the night meeting, while Mrs. Read remained at "the Fort." At each place the town hall was literally packed to excess, the sides being filled up by those who could not find seats.

Two knelt at the stage in the night meeting at Port Arthur, where the place was literally packed. At each place the people and a plentiful supply of food to the officers' quarters. A new barracks is urgently needed at both places, and no doubt are many months each corps will be worshipping under their own vine and fig-tree.

Brothers Deadman, Bowman and their wives are good friends, and there are many others who are helping along the work. The Mayor of Fort William has offered us a piece of land free. As we were leaving the depot for Winnipeg a lady sat along a basket full of good provisions for use during the long night journey.

### NOTES.

While at Port Arthur a train full of Chinamen went through on their way to the States. We understand there were about 400 all told.

Reached Winnipeg at 8 a.m. April 17th, and were met by Ensign Rawling, Captains Shea, Lowry, and Green.

Such a neat, cozy little Provincial Headquarters is this one at Winnipeg.

## TO OUR GENERAL

BY GEORGE LOGAN.

Half an age, half an age,  
All of salvation.  
Still fights our "Grand old man,"  
No resignation!  
"Forward!" his motto is,  
Failures, no word of his,  
Fifty years' blessedness,  
All of salvation.  
Leading his great brigade,  
Never the least dismayed,  
To every nation.  
Nobly he fought, and well,  
Trying sin's mob to quell,  
Even to the mouth of hell.

Bringing salvation,  
Devils to right of him,  
Devils to left of him,  
Devils in front of him  
Working damnation.  
Stomped at by letterpress,  
Scorned for his thoroughness,  
Headless, he's marched alone,  
Beating the submerged clam  
Food and salvation.  
When can his glory fade!  
Oh! the grand work he's made!  
All the world wondered!  
Honor to whom 'tis due,  
Honor the good and true,  
Amen to be thundered!  
Honor the work he's done,  
Lead let our thanks be sung,  
"God bless our General!"

Hunt's Harbor. Captain Clarke from Harbor Grace was also there in charge of the banquet arrangements. Building was full. Much interest manifested everywhere, and prospects are brighter than ever.

Apart from the banquet we realized over eleven dollars in the collections, and for the week-end, best of all, we praised God for the prodigal coming home, and still there's more to follow.

On board the sleigh again by 2:30 next morning for the return journey to St. John's, in order to meet and welcome our new Provincial Officer, Major and Mrs. Morris. This time the weather was everything that could be desired in crossing the barrenness. Drove right through to Harbor Grace, and got there just in time to see the nine o'clock train steaming away in the distance. Happily, Salvationists can adapt themselves to circumstances. Having to wait over, therefore, until next day, Tuesday was spent doing some local business and correspondence, and at night I had the pleasure of another meeting with the comrades at Harbor Grace. We went in for a proper time. Captain Clark had returned home from assisting at Heart's Content, and she had a hearty welcome. God came very near, and after some faithful fighting, eight souls knelt at the Cross. Captain Knight reports souls almost every night.

Among the eight referred to, were two brothers especially who had been the subjects of many prayers. Blessed be God, at last they yielded to the Spirit. Truly God is good. Our hearts were full of joy over their

## THE Commandant Returns

TO THE

### Toronto Friday Night Campaign.

A MAGNIFICENT FIRST MEETING.

Grand Penitential Finish.

TEN SEEKERS FOR PARDON AND PURITY.

The Commandant, having returned from the North-West, resumed command of the Friday evening meetings, at Elm Street Y.W.O.A. Hall, next day, and conducted a first-rate, lively meeting, the finale of which was crowned with ten persons publicly seeking the forgiveness of sin, or the second blessing.

"That's the thing that has been my difficulty," said a man in working attire, as he drew from his pocket a huge clay pipe.

"Give it up, then, and trust in God for the victory," we replied. He did so.

As Mrs. Booth took the pipe in her hand, and looked at it, by contrast it seemed more hideously dirty than ever.

There was a very excellent congregation present; each door had to be opened so that the greatest possible capacity of the room was made available.

The Commandant appeared in a new role, viz., that of a banjoist, and executed a very nice string accompaniment to a solo he sang.

Ensign Tierney, whose voice is recovering its wonted strength, warbled the favorite song, which has won wonderfully well for several years:

"Let me hear Thy voice now speaking,  
Let me hear, and I'll obey!"

The Commandant said he desired to express his great gratitude to God for being spared to lead another Friday night. He desired this return home to be the commencement of a new and more prosperous epoch than any heretofore. He also gave some particulars of the trip up West, which has evidently been a wonderful time of victory.

Amongst a number of interesting testimonies was one from Ensign Hilda, whom the Commandant had brought from the West. The Ensign said at one time she had craved for holiness, but when she came to the end of herself and yielded up every selfish desire, the Lord came and sanctified her, and now "I praise Him for a holy heart and life; to do His will is heaven."

Mrs. Booth spoke touchingly of the alabaster box of ointment which a woman broke for the Saviour's anointing, and applied the truth that Mary had done well in expending her precious treasure on the Lord before He died and while He could appreciate it, and that the fragrance of similar deeds a little oftener amongst us would sweeten things considerably, also that the thing Jesus looks for now is broken-hearted people—people who have the old haughty spirit of self crucified in actual fact; it is such that He designs to use.

"What," said Mrs. Booth, "is the colour of your character amongst your associates? Does it savour of the Christ Spirit?"

There was much conviction all around, and after a well-fought prayer meeting, grand row of penitents had come forward, for which we shouted praises to God.



## Next Week's 'War Cry.'

# THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE YEAR.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the  
Commencement of the Public Ministry  
of WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder of the  
Salvation Army.

## Newfoundland Conquests.

BY ADMIRALTY SKEETER.

(Continued from last week.)

Captain Harwood, his Lieutenant and comrades had been working almost night and day to get their barracks ready for opening. It is a neat, trim little building that would be a credit to any place. The officers and soldiers have built it themselves in order to save expense. A neater little building it would be hard to find. Saturday night we bade adieu to the old "Tar-pot," as the little black hall is called, where we have been holding our meetings previously, and took possession of our new barracks. We rejoiced greatly at the close of the first meeting over one prodigal coming home. This was especially encouraging on account of the hardness of the fight at Heart's Content.

Sunday—morning, afternoon and night—we had wonderful times. Building crowded in the afternoon; and at night, blessed be God, two souls were on their knees crying for mercy. To God be all the praise!

Monday, we had with us Seely Cove comrades and officers, also officers from

coming home to Jesus. To say we were happy is a very mild way of putting it, we rejoiced greatly. The soldiers in the prayer-meeting did magnificently, some sticking to their knees and others "fishing" earnestly and successfully. Wednesday morning made for St. John's.

In the eight days since leaving St. John's I've travelled some 180 miles, over 40 of them by road; conducted 11 indoor meetings, and seen 15 souls crying for mercy, making a total of 23 for the fortnight. Praise God!

Brigade-Captain Goodby writes as follows:—"I have walked over 400 miles, and have 60 more to go before reaching my headquarters. I have seen good times, and souls saved." God bless and sustain our faithful comrade!

From all round the Island news came of hand of victorious times and souls crying for mercy. Hallelujah!

Read next week's Jubilee WAR CRY and you will see half a hundred new ideas for this year, in the Commandant's notes.

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## Next Week.

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in their corps.

pleased to meet with some of  
the war, among them being  
Mr. Elvins, Captain  
Green, Lieutenant Green,  
and with our old command in the  
Division, six years ago. Do they  
course they do.

sign Rowling and Captain Green  
at all the arrangements for  
the meeting. God mightily blessed  
the work, and though "behind the scenes"  
they are well to the front in the  
hard toil and labor for Jesus, and  
have their hands full all the time.

loss of Sunday night's meeting  
at almost danced. Round and  
round he marched. We thought  
it was a regular Newfoundland style  
and how he seemed to enjoy it.  
for, for had not eighteen and  
verance during the day's battle!

distinctly understood that all  
not done in the "are-girls," but  
try one of the special meeting  
so happy that they thought  
the Lord for very joy. Captain  
knows how to get a "move on"  
enjoyed a bit, too.

new barracks was well filled  
at night, it was "are-girls!"  
is the word. The pavilion was  
and densely, like a garden in a  
It was a great  
Attention was riveted, and great  
good was accomplished.

weary, worn, and fatigued, but  
at rushed round the city on his  
to seek a desirable spot for  
While doing so, the field office  
for council, and hurriedly he  
for the remainder of the day  
inspired and helped the field office  
sent words.

was mooted that Mrs. Booth  
of the Winnipeg and the Western  
short of joy went up from his  
carrots and hear's, and where



Commandant  
of the Depot

supposed, Commandant, and he  
delay. We shall give her a  
Western welcome, such as one  
of her happy.

Now, we are looking out for the dear  
General.

## The Commandant's Fertile Brain Evolves a New Thing for Every One of the Fifty Years.

## THE MUSICAL TROUPE ON THE WING.

BY MRS. EDISON PHILLIPS.

LAST WEEK ONE REPORT  
CAME AT COLLEGEWOOD.  
Following this came Gil-  
raker.

This is No. 1.  
Brigade of the Faversham  
Circle, and a lovely little  
spot it is.

The people just flocked  
into the farm-house  
kitchen, and a good time  
was spent.

Mother Richmond has a  
daughter of her own in the  
field, so understood exactly  
how to make us feel at  
home.

Saturday evening and  
Sunday morning, at No. 2  
Brigade. Great conviction;  
had to hurry off to No. 3  
for the afternoon, then to  
the centre, Faversham, for  
the night, and as it is quite  
usual round this part, we  
found a big crowd of

Warm-hearted Farmer-  
folk.

waiting for us.  
We felt a little dizzy at  
first, for the brother who  
brought us had driven  
pretty fast to get there in  
time. However, the  
soldiers took hold  
with all their might, and  
God came down and gripped  
the people. Two young  
men, who had been to No.  
2 in the morning, and had  
walked over here, counted the cost very  
deliberately, and at 12 o'clock they fully sur-  
rendered to our King.

These Faversham soldiers hold on as if bent  
on victory, and they are. We were billeted  
with Lieutenant Robinson's grandfather. This  
old gentleman is

Eighty-one Years of Age,

and has been nearly sixty years; he is  
still strong and well in body and soul—another  
proof, we felt, that it pays to serve God.

On Monday we were at Salem, still another  
brigade of this wonderful circle. Found a  
great revival going on; over thirty souls in a  
short time, twelve of whom Ensign McAd-  
mond enrolled.

Back to Faversham for Tuesday. Musical  
time right through. "The African class  
meeting" went well; everyone delighted.  
Ensign McAdmond sang the Sunday's converts,  
and at the close another young man got  
properly converted. Captain Green is in  
charge, and thinks the Circle Corps system  
just the thing.

We packed up next morning for Shelbourne,  
and after

Eight Hours on the Road,

and dinner in a farm-house about half way,  
we dismounted out of the rig, very thankful  
indeed that our journey was over. The good  
one we received soon made us feel rested and  
ready for work. Three nights we were here.

Ensign, a "War Memorial" meeting, and  
a "Farewell and Communion" meeting.  
Great crowds attended, much interest was  
manifested, and the officers were gone back  
to their new stations with increased courage  
and energy to fight for souls.

The Commandant's send-off at the Depot  
was peculiar indeed. He almost "got left."  
The train was drawn up in readiness to start.  
"All aboard," had been shouted. Still our  
dear leader, with dotted cap, remained speak-  
ing. The train moved off, and with a rush  
he jumped on to the step of the car, waving  
his cap, and shouting "God bless you," as he  
did so. We shall give him and his A.D.C. a  
good welcome.

Now, we are looking out for the dear  
General.

## Next Week's War Cry

Will be almost entirely

Written by the Commandant.

He will unfold gigantic and practical  
plans for the anniversary of our  
noble General's inauguration of his  
public ministry, fifty years ago.



Ensign McAdmond. Sister Warr.  
Sister Howcroft. Mrs. Ensign Phillips.

Cadet Bryan.  
Cadet Ross.

The first night a little stiff. Second day a  
banquet had been arranged, after which we  
had a musical meeting. Still a little shy and  
stiff, but we kept hammering for the last night  
to be the best, and so it was.

The people had become used to us by now,  
and they got free, waving handkerchiefs, and  
clapping hands, and singing in good style.  
While here, Sister Howcroft had a nice meet-  
ing with the Juniors, and we also had a little  
council, at which the Lord was present, help-  
ing and cheering us. Lieutenant Legge, of  
"Flying Squadron" fame, is here with  
Captain Ferguson.

We went away on. We had expected a  
little difficulty in getting a rig to take us to  
Onascowas, owing to everyone being so  
busy on the farm, but the train came along  
after all, and our Yorkshire cousin landed  
us safe at this snug little town. Worked  
good all the way through. Sunday afternoon,  
open-air on the Main Street; nearly three  
dozen converts in about five minutes.  
"I can tell you all sinners by the look on  
your face," said the moved Irishman at that meeting.

Just before supper, some of us went to hold  
a meeting.

In the Jail.

Oh, such a pitiful sight! Some blind, others  
deaf, some crippled in body, others whose  
minds were unhinged. Now we thanked God  
for our health and strength!  
They enjoyed our music so much. The  
Governor was very kind.  
Sunday night, half full; everyone very much

## The Commandant at Vancouver.

The Commandant has come and gone,  
and it was all so sudden that it appears  
like a pleasant dream. It was a grand  
reality, and the things that were taken up  
and considered will leave their impress  
upon the centuries to come in British  
Columbia, and I am persuaded that the  
Commandant can get through as much  
work in twenty-four hours as any ordinary  
thrashing machine.

Hollowness meetings, free-and-easing, salva-  
tion meetings, sinners converted, believers  
sanctified, soldiers' meetings, local officers'  
meetings, sites for barracks, and Food  
and Shelter Depot, all settled on, and so  
be under way in a very short time; and  
Brigadier Holland, the Commandant's right-  
hand man, seems to have been made to  
order to keep the Salvation pot boiling.

All of the above work, and much more,  
was done with such a rush, that from the  
time that we shook the Commandant's  
hand on his arrival to the time that we  
saw him farewell word on his departure, it  
seemed as if we had only just met at one  
end of the train and parted on the other.  
But the Commandant promises that Mrs.  
Booth is to come.

A Royal Welcome

is waiting for her when she does come.  
Then, too, we have got new District  
Officers. For the past four years the di-

interested in our work, etc.; but Monday  
was best of all, when our sister decided to  
submit to the government of Jesus Christ.  
She got clearly through, and gave a bright  
testimony.

Sister Howcroft held two meetings for  
the children; fifty-three to the first, and eighty-  
three to the second, and they were very  
attentive and good.

Ensign McAdmond has been with us mostly  
all the time, and has been kindness itself.

Lieutenant Feltard, late of Temple Training  
Garrison, is in charge, and is looking for good  
times coming on.

Tuesday at BRAMPTON. This was last on  
the list, and we did pray that it would be a  
good finish, and we feel it was. We did not  
see the result we had hoped for, yet God will  
bring it to pass, according to His Word.

Brigadier de Barritt was with us for the  
last night, when we went to the outpost;  
great power felt, and we should have seen  
souls saved, but had to rush off to catch the  
train for home. So ends our story.  
In five weeks, we have seen

Twenty Souls

saved; visited twenty-two corps and circles;

travelled nearly

Two Hundred Miles by Rig,

beside various journeys by train; and raised  
about one hundred and ninety dollars to help  
the various corps on the route. Not unto us,  
O Lord, but unto Thee be all the glory.

trist has been very judiciously managed by  
Staff-Captain Gregory, Staff-Captain Banks,  
and Ensign Hiltz, respectively. They have  
done a noble work, and left their impress  
behind them. We say with all our hearts,  
"God bless the three noble hallelujah  
lads."

Adjutant Archibald and wife have filled  
the gap just made, and the Adjutant jumped  
right into the hearts of the corps at once,  
but we did not have the pleasure of having  
Mrs. Archibald with us. The tumbling  
about that the got in crossing the Gulf of  
Georgia, after her

3,000 Miles' Ride

on the cars, was too much for her, but we  
are expecting her in the near future.

An enrolment of seven soldiers by the  
Adjutant on Monday night closed a series  
of meetings that will not soon be forgotten  
in Vancouver.

Edw Higgins, Special Correspondent.

## Unprecedented—See Next CRY.

"Rattle up the timbrels, warriors hold,  
Go bring the lost ones to the fold,  
Join in the Great Jubilee."

## BILLETS.—JUNE CONGRESS.

Officers who are coming to the Great June  
Congress, and need BILLETS, will kindly write  
to Brigadier de Barritt at once. Address:  
77 Ulster Street. No billets will be guaran-  
teed after June 5th.



## PROMOTIONS—

Captain F. Alward, of Kentville Corps,  
to be ENSIGN.

## APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUTANT SMEETON, of Newfound-  
land, to the Southern District and  
Grand Bank Corps.

ENSIGN HUGHES, of St. Stephen  
Corps and District, to the Prince Ed-  
ward Island District and Charlotte-  
town Corps.

ENSIGN WATSON, of Prince Edward  
Island District and Charlottetown  
Corps, to New Glasgow Corps and  
District.

ENSIGN HUNTER, of New Glasgow  
Corps and District, to Halifax Corps  
and District.

ENSIGN ANDREWS, of Annapolis  
Corps and District, to St. Stephen  
Corps and District.

ENSIGN ALWARD, of Kentville  
Corps, to Annapolis Corps and Dis-  
trict.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Fortified Headquarters,  
Toronto, Ontario.

## Unparalleled—See Next CRY.



50 AND OVER.	
Lieut. Gooding, Westminster.....	24
60 AND OVER.	
Capt. Miller, Fort Arthur.....	25
60 AND OVER.	
Capt. Johnston, Moncton.....	26
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton H. (in two weeks).....	27
40 AND OVER.	
Lieut. Hill, Brockville.....	44
30 AND OVER.	
Capt. Smith, Westminster.....	23
Ensign Goodwin, Owen Sound.....	24
Capt. Robertson, Owen Sound.....	25
Ensign Smith, Hamilton H. (in two weeks).....	26
Lieut. Hamilton, Galt.....	27
20 AND OVER.	
Nelly McFaney, Kingston.....	22
10 AND OVER.	
Capt. Markie, Fanny Sound.....	27
20 AND OVER.	
Maed Horsey, Kingston.....	22
Capt. Rutledge, Galt.....	22
21 AND OVER.	
J. Deane, Kingston.....	21
20 AND OVER.	
Mrs. Stacey, Kingston.....	20
E. Williams, Kingston.....	20
Ensign Goodwin, Owen Sound.....	24
Mrs. Capt. Wynn, Litchfield.....	20
15 AND OVER.	
Bro. Williamson, Westminster.....	15
10 AND OVER.	
M. McCormack, Kingston.....	10

## The Angels Have Wings

In the pictures we see of them,

BUT

that is no reason that you should try and  
imitate them with balloon sleeves in your  
dress. You can get a proper and neat  
dress made at our Dress Department, 12  
Albert Street, Toronto, Ont. Order of the  
Trade Secretary. Sample and Self-  
Measurement Forms sent free on applica-  
tion.



## The Commandant at Winnipeg.

The Prairie City Housed—The Press to the Front—  
Desperate Battles—Open-Air Demonstra-  
tions—Great Enthusiasm—Packed Build-  
ing—Penitents Cry for Mercy—  
Winnipeg Welcomes the Com-  
mandant and Staff—All  
Ablaze With Holy Fire.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Great indeed was the joy among Salva-  
tionists of the Prairie City when they  
learned that our dear leader and his devoted  
A. D. C., Brigadier Holland, would spend  
a week-end among them.

Reporters of all the city dailies were on  
the spot, hurrying hither and thither,  
doing their best to get together any inter-  
esting notes and news of the coming en-  
gagements. The papers gave a lot of their  
valuable space interesting accounts of all  
the meetings; in fact, the Press of Winni-

revival up—anyone could do that, and get  
a big lot of rejoicing converts—but to make  
out of the converts a fighting force, in real  
warfare, who would fight under hard cir-  
cumstances, as well as in easy.

Then Captain McGill sang his song, and  
the Commandant put us through a special  
drill, after which he asked Adjutant Magee  
to speak. He had no sooner got started  
than the Commandant called him down, as  
he was too enthusiastic and full of life, for  
the Commandant had intended him to  
sober the feeling of the meeting down, as  
he had been running us at a high pressure  
of speed and jubilation.

The officers were next called upon to give  
voluntary addresses, beginning with their  
names, where they came from, and what  
they came to the big go for.

"Lieutenant Fiddle," said the Com-  
mandant, "will lead us off."  
Cadet Hurst, from Nanaimo; McGill,  
from the farm; Westcott, from Portage  
la Prairie; Cadet Barber, of Victoria (go-  
ing to the French work); Gibson, from  
Belfast, Ireland; Dwyer, Winnipeg Train-  
ing Garrison; Elliott, of Quebec; Charlton,  
of the United States; said; McInnis, first  
born in Germany, was a cooper at Victoria;  
Green, Gooding, Lowry, Rawling, and  
no fourth, all made it interesting.

"Conviction," he said, "is the first  
stepping-stone, then must follow conver-  
sion, then sanctification."

1. **CONVICTION.**—The sinner must feel  
the dire results of sin. It is a deadly  
poison. Like arsenic it eats out the  
vitals of life. It is a losing game to  
be a sinner. He must feel the need  
of light to lighten his darkness. Like  
grogginess about in a dark building the  
sinner knocks himself about; all is  
confusion and dismay. The sinner in  
the dark. After fifty years of sin  
he cries, "God, I'm in the dark. I'm  
wasting my life."

2. **CONVERSION.**—Ye must be born again.  
A new purpose, a new desire. No  
more living for self. Converted people  
live to please others. Conversion turns  
a man right about face.

3. **SANCTIFICATION.**—This is the last  
step. No condemnation is known.  
Good thoughts fire the mind. Jesus  
Christ and all His great purposes en-  
globe the soul. To live is Christ. To  
die is gain. When in the dock no guilt  
is found.

The above is just an outline to  
give readers an idea of the Command-  
ant's train of thoughts and words in this

## Sunday Afternoon.

The citizens of Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
know very well how to appreciate the pres-  
ence in their midst of a great and good  
man.

At the meetings on Sunday p.m., three  
crowds of soldiers (one hundred and twenty-  
six in number), marching to the west  
strains of our beautiful Winnipeg band,  
presented an impressive and inspir-  
ing appearance. The open-air meeting was  
held on the platform at the C. P. R. station.  
Crowds thronged every available foot  
of space for some distance back; windows  
were thrown open; balconies were crowded.

When the Commandant stepped into his  
C. P. R. truck, everybody was ready for a  
proper blood-and-fire attack on the foe.  
The Commandant went at it like a mad  
axe. He called on everybody to sing, to  
thrust on the royal box up in the balcony,  
to the man on the reserved seat or the  
lamp-post, all must have a go in. Testi-  
monies came thick and fast. One said he  
was on the train for glory. "On the  
truck you mean," said the Commandant.  
All the Cadets from Brandon Training  
Garrison; some military manoeuvres; then  
the long and the short of the Salvation  
Army; now a song by Captain McGill;

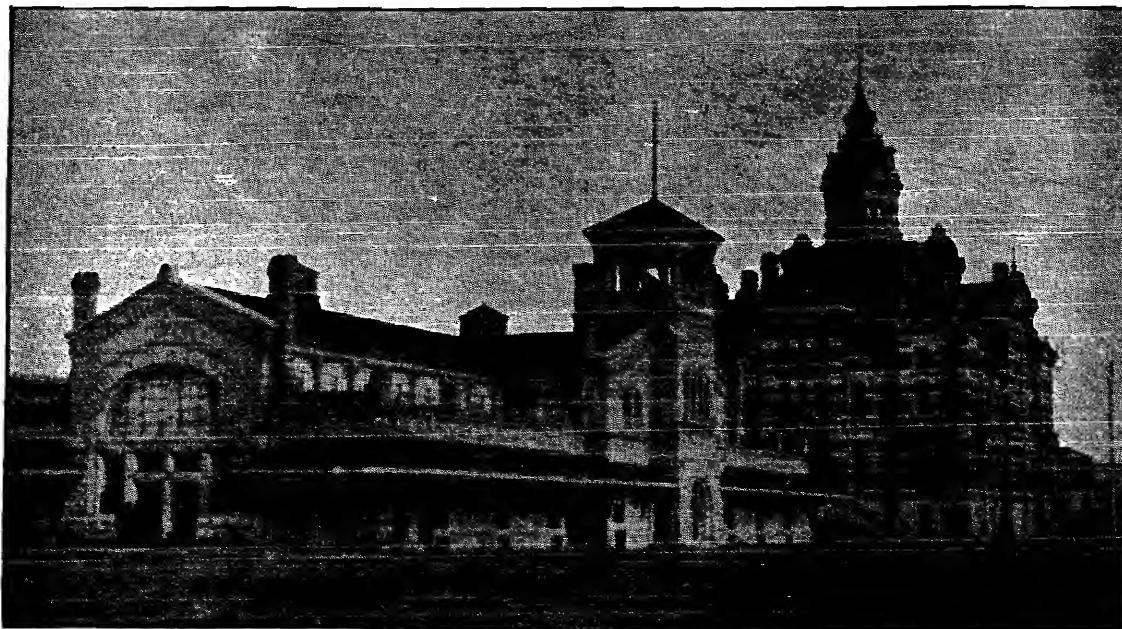
Cook and others sustained by a  
pathy and practical assistance our  
could afford to put up with a  
understanding amongst people  
not so well informed. Speaker  
expense in connection with travel  
Commandant said that all he asks  
that people should pay for his  
the same way as they paid for the  
of goods—right side up with  
travelled now at half-rates, but the  
railway company should give the  
singer of the Salvation Army a  
over the road, in consideration of  
that was being done. He asked  
thought they should to nod their  
say "Amen."

The people responded almost  
merrily, and the Commandant said  
would see Mr. McNicol, of Mo  
would tell him that the citizens  
Winnipeg had voted that he should  
pass over the track.

After some singing from the  
file, the Commandant said, "I  
wish you were one of us! We are  
family." The Army had a  
built without regard to those  
principles which govern the universe  
had got down to solid living prin-  
ciples retained and a developa  
had naturally become  
in their fruits and bearings on the  
men.

Captain McGill soloed, then a  
testimonies followed. Captain  
Elliott, Captains Wilson, Smith  
and others in quick succession  
a beautiful solo by a very little girl  
paying herself with organ. The  
audience cheered heartily.

Mrs. Major Read, being in  
slipped right into the people's  
eyes. She felt very sorry leave  
foundland, but was so glad that



WINNIPEG TOWN HALL AND MARKET.

log show a very kindly feeling to the Army  
and its leaders.

Major Read went to Brandon on Friday  
night, April 21st, where a good meeting  
was conducted, and great enthusiasm pre-  
vailed.

At Portage la Prairie, where a mid-day  
meeting was held, Doctor Rutherford, the  
Mayor, and the Minister of Public Works  
spoke kindly words in favor of the Army.

The Commandant explained our relation-  
ship with the new building scheme; after  
which he met the congregants for the same  
purpose, and then we boarded the cars for  
Winnipeg to spend the week-end.

The monster C. P. R. depot platform  
was filled with hundreds of human beings,  
one huge mass of humanity, to do honor  
and welcome the son of the founder of the  
Salvation Army.

A triumphant shout and burst of ap-  
plause rent the air as the Commandant  
stepped from the car and mounted a trolley,  
which was to serve as a pulpit.

He thanked the officers, soldiers, and  
friends for such a welcome.

A grand soldiers' meeting was led on  
Saturday night.

### Saturday Night Soldiers' Meeting.

In his preliminary remarks, the Com-  
mandant said we must not exonerate him too  
hard, as he was very much fatigued after  
his trip to the Coast. He then congrat-  
ulated us for standing by the dear old Army  
colors, for staying with the ship.

He was glad to see so many (about 300).  
He said he didn't come to preach to  
Winnipeg, as they had not heard Major  
Read's oratorical powers.

He then praised us for our stick-  
ability, and downright rock-bottom fighting  
powers, that not only enabled us to get a

Then Brigadier Holland sang a "new"  
song.

"What would their neighbors say, and what would the  
people think?"

The new Provincial Secretary quoted his  
first remark, "There was a man sent from  
God whose name was John." He said that  
was him.

Mrs. Read had desired for years to fight  
in the North-West. Has been an officer  
ten years.

Brigadier Holland gave a good, stirring  
up talk. Said he was here four years ago  
and was struck to see the great advance in  
Salvation Armyism. F. E. S.

### The Knee-Drill.

Major Read conducted the knee-drill.  
About one hundred and fifty gathered for  
this free breakfast.

### The Holiness Meeting.

Headed by the fine brass band a long  
march was enjoyed previous to the holiness  
battle. At this meeting about six hundred  
had met together, and though extremely  
fatigued, the Commandant took hold with  
energy and life. Brigadier Holland, in his  
soul-stirring talk, advised all present who  
had not done so, to go to their own funeral.  
He urged upon all the great necessity of  
being out-and-out for God, and living holy  
and useful lives.

Major Read read the fifteenth Psalm,  
and then the Commandant began by giving  
out that old, old song,

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God!"

Forbiddit did he describe the blessing of  
sanctification.

meeting. At its close ten knelt at the  
Cross crying for deliverance and pardon.  
It was a glorious and triumphant meeting,  
and successful too. When we consider the  
amount of travelling and hard work our  
leader had got through while at the  
Coast, it is a miracle that he was thus sus-  
tained. Great fears were entertained as  
to whether the Commandant would "last  
out" the rest of the day; but he did, as the  
following reports by various officers and  
the local papers go to prove.

### Monday's Engagement.

Rush, rush, rush was the order of the  
day on Monday. Important business mat-  
ters were gone into and settled with the  
Provincial Secretary in the morning. Din-  
ner over, the Commandant rushed off to  
look at some premises for a shelter, then  
back again to an officers' council, where  
he spoke plainly to the hearts of those  
gathered. Earnestly they drank in the vital  
truths as they came from our dear  
leader's lips. Though weak, he was  
strengthened for his task, and the officers  
who gathered there will not soon forget his  
words of counsel and advice. Then fol-  
lowed a nice little officers' supper.

From this a big crowd accompanied the  
Commandant and Brigadier to the Cana-  
dian Pacific Railway Depot, where hun-  
dreds had gathered to wish him good-  
bye. He will not soon forget the way his  
speech was cut short by the motion of the  
train as he stepped out of the station.  
Standing on the platform step, moving his  
red cap, he shouted, "God bless you,"  
to his brave North-Western troops, and  
our leader was gone; but we shall ever  
pray for him. Hallelujah!

now the Commandant is waiting with the  
color-guard; Captain Lowry is in-  
duced; the royal artillery (brass band)  
comes to the front.

The Commandant had once had the  
pleasure of conducting a great musical  
demonstration, where five thousand band-  
men played and sung to the honor and  
glory of God. This amusing, interesting,  
pointed, practical, soul-saving meeting over,  
Major Read prayed, and everybody made  
for the barracks. Now for who will get a  
rest and who will not. The building was  
a very large one, but was literally packed.

Volleys greeted the Commandant as  
together with Major and Mrs. Read, they  
appeared on the platform.

The Commandant, in his own enthusiastic  
style, told everybody to waken up.  
Major Read, our brand-new Provincial  
Secretary, was then introduced, and led off  
with a stirring song, accompanied by the  
band.

After prayer by Ensign Ellis and Captain  
Lowry.

The Commandant addressed the meeting.  
He asked the people to bear with him a  
little on this particular occasion; he had  
just had a very difficult trip; he had  
travelled 3,500 miles in a few days; and  
conducted a great many inside and outside  
meetings, and as a result was very tired,  
but would do his best. The Commandant  
spoke of the progress of the work all over  
the world. He said Commander Ballington  
Booth, of the United States, would prob-  
ably visit Winnipeg before very long. In  
speaking of those who would be our  
enemies, he gave an incident of what the  
Rev. Dr. Cook had said recently. When  
he called up to him the Salvation Army, he  
said he felt very much like asking them  
to leave him alone. The Commandant  
remarked that while such men as Dr.

everybody. They had come to a  
well as lead, and hoped they were  
source of cheer and encouragement.  
The Commandant, speaking  
ter, said that the world loved us  
ple, but detested proud and  
people.

The Commandant thought we were  
good government in singing. The  
your leader. The platform will  
vance guard, outside of those peo-  
ple be the left wing, inside would be the  
wing, the gallery would be the  
Now sing, advance guard; left wing  
wing; rear guard.

"Very good! well done!" said  
moment.

The meeting, from beginning  
full of life and go and enthusiasm  
time lost. Everybody, rich and  
and low, seemed to enjoy them-  
selves. Many hearts were  
admit the light of heaven. In  
cheered and inspired, and com-  
all seemed to feel glad that God  
them a pure and guileless means  
ment.

### Sunday Night.

A colonial march and open-air  
this meeting. A halt was called

y Afternoon.

of Winnipeg, Manitoba, to appreciate the presence of a great and good

on Sunday p.m., there (one hundred and twenty) marching to the most beautiful Winnipeg harbor. The open-air meeting at the C. P. R. station, every available foot of distance back; where balconies were occupied, nandant stepped into the everybody was ready for a fire attack on the devil. I went at it like a man, everybody to stay. I box up in the balcony, to reserved seat on the it have a go in. That and fast. One said to for glory. "On the said the Commandant, from Brandon taking military maneuvers; the short of the Salvation Army by Captain McGill;

Cook and others sustained by their sympathy and practical assistance our work, we could afford to put up with a little misunderstanding amongst people who were not so well informed. Speaking of the expense in connection with travelling, the Commandant said that all he asked for was that people should pay for his freight in the same way as they paid for the shipping of goods—right side up with care. He travelled now at half-rates, but thought the railway company should give the Commissioner of the Salvation Army a free pass over the road, in consideration of the work that was being done. He asked those who thought they should to nod their heads and say "Amen."

The people responded almost unanimously, and the Commandant said when he would see Mr. McNicol, of Montreal, he would tell him that the citizens of Winnipeg had voted that he should get a free pass over the track.

After some singing from the rank and file, the Commandant said: "Don't you wish you were one of us? We are a happy family." The Army had not been built without regard to those laws and principles which govern the universe. They had got down to solid living principles, and these principles retained and allowed to develop had naturally become very great in their fruits and bearings on the lives of men.

Captain McGill soloed, then a few lively testimonies followed. Captain and Mrs. Elliott, Captains Wilson, Smith and Westcott and others in quick succession. Now a beautiful solo by a very little girl, accompanying herself with organ. The large audience cheered heartily.

Mrs. Major Read, being introduced, slipped right into the people's hearts at once. She felt very sorry leaving Newfoundland, but was so glad that she loved

her of Portage Avenue and Main Street; a ring formed, and red-hot Gospel shots poured. The arrival of the Commandant and Brigadier Holland, was the signal for volleys and hurrahs from the crowd. Testimonies were then called for, or rather, our leader has hither and thither through the ranks, picking out one here, and another there, of the soldiers, pushing them in the ring to give their testimonies.

Then the saved circus man was hauled into the ring, and he, too, told what a wonderful Saviour he found in Jesus.

A change of tactics was then thought necessary, and the large ring, of about fifty feet in diameter, was condemned into one of about fifteen feet, in a kind of solid square.

"Right about, face," shouted the Commandant.

"Now, fire into the crowd," next rang out, and chorus after chorus of warning was shouted into the ears of the mass of people who lined the sidewalk. Forming into line again, and marching back to the barracks.

The large auditorium, as well as the week-night hall, and gallery were literally packed with humanity; even standing-room being scarce.

The usual volleys and cheers greeted our beloved leader, as he again took his stand on the platform. His pale face spoke out the extra effort it must have been for him. That beautiful chorus:

"Thru out the life-line,"

was sweetly sung by that vast concourse of people. The Commandant continuing, said:

"This is exactly what we have come to do in this meeting, for we realized—

"First: That there were souls to save.

"Second: That it was worth a struggle to save them.

for its advances and schemes. Arrangements were being made to commemorate this, his fiftieth year, to float schemes that would involve an expenditure of about \$130,000 in new industries, social and field operations, etc.

Major Read, our new Provincial Secretary (who, I may say, has already jumped down the throats of the people) then gave a few words of his own experience, how that there was a time in his life when there were fightings within and fears without, but now, thank God, he was a sinner saved by the grace of God. He followed by an earnest warning to the sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and a passionate appeal for them to get saved.

A collection was here taken up, during which the band played. Captain Gooding was then called on for a solo.

Mrs. Read held the vast audience as she spoke on the words of the motto of her own life, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added." Her pleadings and warnings will not soon be forgotten.

The Commandant, rising to read the lesson, owing to the lateness of the hour, instead of reading a long lesson, chose for his text that beautiful invitation of Christ Himself, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, how our leader's words burned in our souls, and how the sinners, the infidels, the afflicted, and every weary one in the building must have felt.

In the prayer-meeting the decks were cleared for action, and a hand-to-hand engagement with the enemy took place. Our tired leader still led on and stuck to his post like a Trojan, urging the soldiers on to greater faith, and pleading with the sinners to yield themselves to God. "Make way to the penitent-form," and there number one was found kneeling, crying for

## The Commandant's Visit to the Coast.

BY ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

It would be a very difficult task for one to convey to the many readers of the WAR CRY a description of the 3,000 mile trip by rail on the Canadian Pacific Railway to British Columbia.

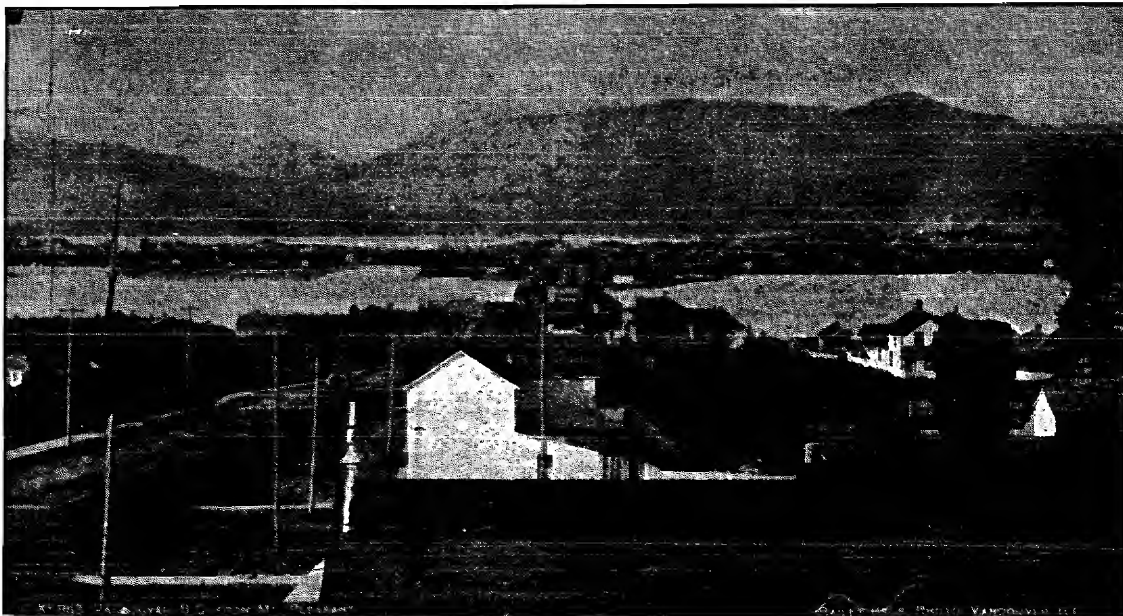
Much has been said of this great Canadian highway opening up resource upon resource in our Dominion, and bring us into touch with the Orient and Australian colonies.

How wonderfully God has inspired the human genius of invention by bolting this earth with steel rails and steamships, and in opening up the way for the Salvation Army to carry the glad message of salvation to all nations of the earth!

It was another great pleasure for Mrs. Archibald and myself to accompany

Our Beloved Leader, the Commandant, also his A. D. C., on this noted journey, who, notwithstanding the great burden of the Army government upon his shoulders, filled our hearts full of inspiration for the future work in British Columbia, and cleared the way with prayer and song as rolled up the miles of territory behind us.

Who can describe the grandeur of the Rockies? What an inspiration for one's soul to pass through these footprints of Almighty God! Peak upon peak, summit upon summit, gorge upon gorge, canyon after canyon, valleys; wild, weird, awful, grand were the sights so that one is led to exclaim with the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon in his glory, "One-half has not been told"; but we must pass on



VANCOUVER, B. C., FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

everybody. They had come to serve us as well as lead, and hoped they would be a source of cheer and encouragement.

The Commandant, speaking of character, said that the world loved natural people, but detested posed and unnatural people.

The Commandant thought we should have good government in singing. Now follow four leaders. The platform will be the advance guard, outside of those pillars would be the left wing, inside would be the right wing, the gallery would be the rear guard. Now sing, advance guard; left wing; right wing; rear guard.

"Very good! well done!" said the Commandant.

The meeting, from beginning to end, was full of life and go and enthusiasm. No time lost. Everybody, rich and poor, high and low, seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Many hearts were opened to admit the light of heaven. Many were cheered and inspired and comforted, and all seemed to feel glad that God had sent them a pure and guileless means of enjoyment.

Sunday Night.

A colonial march and open-air preceded this meeting. A halt was called at the cor-

"THIRD: The Almighty God has commissioned us to warn you to flee from the wrath which is to come.

"FOURTH: We are going to do it as if it were a reality."

He then appealed to every Christian to join in, and help us throw out the life-line. After prayer, from Adjutant Magee, from Brandon, and a sister, and the singing of those heart-touching choruses:

"There is life for a look,"

and,

"You never can tell when the death-bell's tolling," the Commandant prayed, imploring the Spirit to be with us.

Rising from our knees again, he continuing said, among other stirring facts, "That notwithstanding our poverty, difficulties, scandal, and in past days, imprisonments, the Salvation Army was stronger to-day than ever, and that the wonderful revivals which sprung up through the advent of the Army into the country, were crystallized, and were the same from Newfoundland to British Columbia; yes, and throughout the world.

Why years ago, the General began his public ministry, and this year was to be the most remarkable in the Army's history

mercy. This was encouraging. Still, the Commandant cheered and encouraged. Still the officers cheered. Still the soldiers prayed. Soon another was found at the Cross, then another and another, until SEVEN FAMOUS SOLDIERS knelt for salvation.

A real Newfoundland jollification followed in which our new Provincial Officer took a prominent part, showing how they did it in Newfoundland. He sang also about "Grumbling Street," and after, the Commandant gave some illustrations of the strength and power there is in unity of action. The benediction was pronounced about 11 p.m.

J. E.

## What a Treat

It will be! Next Week's WAR CRY.

### THE COMMANDANT'S

Colossal Schemes for the Celebration of Our General's Jubilee!

from these scenes and give you a little idea of the meetings.

After six days and six nights continuous travel we

Arrived at Vancouver,

and proceeded immediately to board the Comox. After five hours rolling and tooting on the Gelf we arrived at Nanaimo none the better for the rolling of the boat.

At the wharf we were met by the soldiers of Nanaimo, and headed by the brass band, after a short open-air which the Commandant led, we proceeded to the barracks (by the way this is the first Army building on the Coast). It is a credit to the city.

The meeting started in with a lively song, the crowd taking up the singing heartily. The Commandant explained the nature of his visit to the Coast: "I come, said the Commandant, on matters of great import to the Army's interest in business matters; also the arranging of

My Father, General Booth's

visit to the Coast this fall, on his Jubilee Tour.

I have with me your new District Officer, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, whom I have the pleasure of introducing to you." The meeting was truly enjoyable, lively and free, the Commandant closing with an



## COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH LEAD ON IN A MARVELLOUS JUBILEE ADVANCE

earnest appeal to the unconverted, followed by a Soldiers' Council, in which the Commandant laid upon the hearts of all present the responsibilities of soul-saving and the necessity for a mighty revival in Nassau.

This, we believe, will surely come. Next morning we took the train for Victoria, a distance of some seventy miles through a very

Mountainous and Rough Country.

Arriving at Victoria we were met by the officers, who took us to the quarters.

In spite of the heavy rain that evening the hall was crowded with a jovial, good-natured crowd. The Commandant was in his element. It was a typical Army meeting, so free from stiffness or conventionality.

The soldiers sang and clapped their hands in a way which made everyone feel at home; in fact, there was no sympathy lacking from the audience. All this added to the freedom of the speakers. The Commandant spoke on the matter of building a barracks at Victoria. All day he had been searching the city for suitable site to erect an Army barracks on.

After Brigadier Holland, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald had spoken, the Commandant closed the meeting, leaving that evening, on the "Premier," for New Westminster.

On our arrival there we were greeted by the

Westminster Braves

and several of the soldiers of the Vancouver corps, who availed themselves of the privilege of being present at these meetings.

The open-air was one of the most beautiful meetings we have ever been in. The barracks was crowded, and God gave the Commandant a special degree of liberty. This meeting had to be brought to a close in order to allow us time to catch the last car for Vancouver, where we arrived full of faith for Sunday's battle.

Fifty-two soldiers rallied for knee-drill. We wound up this meeting with two souls in the fountain. In the holiness meeting there were four more. In the afternoon and evening meetings the crowds were tremendous, and at the close of the night meeting two others sought deliverance, making a happy finish to the Commandant's visit to the Coast.

## SONGS.

Send the Showers.

C. E. H. CASEN, HALIFAX I.  
TUNE—Bless our Army.

1 Oh, Thou God of every nation,  
Send Thy showers upon us now,  
And refresh our thirsty spirits  
As before Thy throne we bow.

CHORUS.

Send the showers. (Repeat.)  
Heavenly Father, send them now.

We are Thine to do Thy bidding,  
In Thy strength we now go on;  
We shall conquer by Thy power,  
While Thy arm we lean upon.

We, by faith, draw down Thy blessings,  
And by love our hearts overflow,  
And go forth to rescue sinners  
From their lives of sin and woe.

Fire our hearts with love and power,  
Guide us with Thy truth Divine;  
Keep us trusting and obeying,  
Make our hearts and lives to shine.

Send the Fire.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN COLLIER.

TUNE—Bless our Army.

2 We are soldiers in the Army,  
And we fight for God and souls;  
We have given ourselves to Jesus,  
And our lives He now controls.

CHORUS.

Send the fire,  
Send the fire,  
Holy Spirit, send the fire.  
Send the fire,  
Send the fire,  
Holy Spirit, send the fire.

What is needed in the Army,  
Is a baptism of fire;  
Then we'll go and rescue sinners,  
Save them from the fifth and mire.

Army soldiers, God is willing,  
If it's your heart's desire,  
To go forward to the rescue,  
Now to fill you with the fire.

Now, dear Lord, we come believing,  
And accept Thy Spirit's power;  
And by simple faith go forward,  
Trusting in Thee every hour.

## TIS COMING THE S.S.C.C.



## WAR CRY

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1934.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,  
Thursday, May 3, 1934.

## WELCOME, COMMANDANT.

The scene enacted at the Commandant's welcome home, at Parkdale, is a significant fact in the history of our leader here. It is of no small importance that all the men and women who are immediately associated with Canada's chief officer are so thoroughly one with him as the expressions of affection and loyalty given in that happy home-welcome indicate.

## MRS. BOOTH AT OSHAWA.

The visit of Mrs. Booth to Oshawa became the opportunity for an almost unique expression of loyalty to the Army. Listening in the soldiers' assembly to the tremendous testimonies of God's saving grace through the Army's instrumentality done in that part of the country, the most prejudiced would be bound to admit that "There is the finger of God." And no persons, either officers or soldiers, in any part of the world, ever could express themselves more definitely and affectionately towards the Army than did the comrades there. Mrs. Booth was deeply touched with the intense sincerity and holy simplicity of the testimonies, and came away from Oshawa with a great inspiration and enlarged desire to seek the very highest welfare of the people amongst whom God has given her such a responsible position.

## A TRIUMPH.

The Commandant's North-West trip has been a triumphant tour; God's blessing has been manifested in the pleading tones of the penitent, the Commandant's heart has been strengthened by the outspoken loyalty, and unrestrained enthusiasm of the troops while the general public interest taken in the Commandant's movements, and the progress and prospects of the Salvation Army, has been quite absorbing.

## ALL-ROUND ADVANCE.

A sweeping glance across the whole Canadian and Newfoundland battlefield, reveals a most encouraging spectacle. The reports from each fort ring with the enthusiasm of victory. Major Morris, in Newfoundland, and Major Read, in Manitoba, have been royally received; that Brigadier Margetta has been treated ditto, goes without saying. Glancing right through from the constantly occupied penitent forms throughout the field, to the administration chair at Headquarters, it is apparent that the pulsating whole has never been so much en rapport, and the prospects for advance never so fair and inspiring since the Commandant's entry in this field. The War Cry wishes the Commandant, and every individual taking part in this glorious fight, God-speed.

## BRITAIN'S JUBILEE.

The British wing of the one Salvation Army has opened its Jubilee Campaign with some phenomenal victories. In the two days of salvation at Queen's Hall, London, thousands in vain sought admission, on account of the too congested hall, and the Army's ability to organize a big battle and victory for God, was fully exhibited, while the General viewed the triumphant spectacle of 517 seekers for pardon and purity. Concerning this scene, the latest English War Cry says:

"To say that the Two Days broke the record, is to convey an extremely bare idea of the magnificent spirit that characterized throughout each of the great meetings. Apart altogether from the special personal interest attaching to the occasion of the General's birthday, the remarkable conviction which held the crowds all but spell-bound, and resulted in such an unprecedented spiritual reaping, was the theme of general remark. So far as the Army's meetings in it are concerned, the Queen's Hall has emphatically the seal of Divine blessing."

## A PROPER BIRTHDAY.

The Queen's Hall scene is the way to keep a birthday. To stand victorious in Jehovah's power on such a battlefield, as did the General on his 65th birthday, is infinitely more noble than to have planned a wholesale carnage in worldly warfare, and leave behind a field of gaping, bloody wounds, and agonizing groans. Let the whole Army raise their poems of thanksgiving to God for

so glorious a spectacle and so noble a leader.

A \$5,000 dollars' start towards the remaining \$250,000 is significant of John Bull's intentions respecting the Jubilee Fund.

## AND CANADA.

"And what is Canada going to do?" will be asked. For a complete answer to this question, we must refer our readers to next week's issue, but we may say that the Commandant has an altogether exceptional and unique Jubilee program that will place Canada far rank with anything in creation in this line. As the Commandant unfolded briefly at his Thursday night home, welcome a few of his marvellous plan for the Canadian Jubilee Advance, we were amazed and delighted. The Commandant has a new scheme for every year of the Jubilee, with the exception of the last, and there is a probability that the fiftieth will be forthcoming. Let us take an universal hand clasp, comrades, and with a ringing hallday run at the enemy.

## SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

SEE NEXT CRY.



Captain Abbie McKenna

In reply to the numberless friends and comrades who have sent messages of love and greeting to Captain McKenna in her long, dark hours of weary suffering, we would like to say she still needs your prayers very much.

Those who have known her in health and strength, as in the photo, would be greatly distressed to see her now, as she lies, prostrate with pain and wasted with illness, at the Home of Rest.

But she wants us to write "Something good about Jesus."

She sends her dear love to her comrades, and assures them that the same Jesus who was her comfort and guide and cheer in health is beside her still to sustain and support her frail bark, tossed on the raging waters of pain.

The beautiful flowers brought to her last night by Mrs. Booth and others, make a little summer in the room, and the presence of Christ banishes all gloom.

To celebrate practically, for the glory of God and the welfare of Canada, the fiftieth year of the General's service for God and humanity — for program see next CRY.

## A TRI



Life is far too short  
my  
Short  
Measure.  
To

might "poem, and scenes, and impression upon which I embark. I got entangled in it, but compelled me to a prostration. As the web tightened upon my known. What can I line, the positive alone excuse, therefore, the words are dispensed short cuts, to bring th

Friday night, April 6

A Loving  
Farewell.

wisdom. At the front, take the reins during. The spirit of the crowd of things with all the much more than to any the same city in which ah, there is much in the in prayer. It is almost propose an address. hold more like weeping sinner with an invitation pull out; the face of begins to grow dim with sweet home," the soldier after through the dark and turns in.

Our first duty is to

Sunshine  
After Rain.

his own tears, comes. Sunday consolation, which the masculine effect, and sunshine is the only woman of the

The Commandant dr

Bag and  
Baggage.

standing on end, and bags, trunks, parcels, for convenience with sports itself, as if in a battle full of pressure

pressed by the can of dispirited appear to be by an attempt on the part which, spread on top whole business. Out of Two typewriters there upper berth, while the yielding — the general forever out of its frame this, didn't seem so much case being short and a ends, as if to defy all very brief description arrangements of that

Got everything well

About Wheeling.

Couldn't sleep; the thought of Canada, the and my mortal thing, merrily; then they began then they skidded, after speed increased they got every length of metal and squirmed, groaned of the brake, coming in of the seat — one's head ahead before it could be ment. Seldom have I in the start, what shall

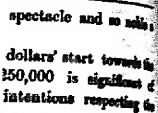
North Bay. Bridged

Our Food Depo

and eggs, and I have in on a "tourist car" are together, sit up, get up, fresh air and feel better and Mrs. Archibald purist Department. T make our own tea, cook provide our own meat provide our own money. It a grove as babies on board



**FREE ADVANCE**



Is Canada going to do it?

**NEW**  **SEE**  
**THE SUN.** **JUST**  
**BUY.**



orate practice  
the glory of  
the welfare  
a, the fiftieth  
the General's  
for God and  
— for pro  
next CRY.

## A Loving Farewell.

**Sunshine  
After Rain.**

... tears, come to the rescue, assisted ably by the officer, and more ably in this case, by the Adjutant himself. Dry consolations, administered in the dainty manner, for the masculine race is notorious, seem to have a good effect, and sunshine is at length restored to the features of the only woman of the party.

bags, boxes under benches, papers scattered on end, and lying broadcast on it; little bags, big bags, trunks, parcels, baskets in which knives and forkspoons were packed, and other articles of domestic use, and, for the most part, useful, as if in mighty haste for removal with glass bottles full of preserves, and the tin of orange marmalade were hurried by the men of Chicago head. The whole of the dispirited appear to be threatened with imminent extinction, by an attempt on the part of a few-folded, white table-cloth, which, spread on top of the basket, threatens to bury the whole business. Outside the baskets the mixture continued. Two typewriters threatened to smash the bottom end of the upper berth, while the head of the hamper once looked as if, by falling, it would demolish the general scramble, but had squinted the wrong way, and not the inside. The antebag, being long and thin, didn't seem to be intended, and the two commodes were being short and stubby, extended themselves over their own, as if to defy all erosion. This is, of course, only a very brief description of an external survey. The internal arrangements of that land of horrors are quite indescribable.

Couldn't sleep; thoughts of tomorrow. Thoughts of Xaruto, thoughts of Camacho, thoughts of the world, thoughts of every day, every moment. At first the visions went around, and then they began a kind of bumping, then they jerked, then they shifted, after which they proceeded to jump. An acid increased their growth, and pushed with vigor every length of metal they passed; then they crossed equipment, ground and grew under the application of heat. Coming to a standstill with a sudden bump, and then a sudden whirling on a circle of miles, and before it could be gotten up, the changed environment. Siddon have I, and I have a right on board. If this is the start, what shall I do, Siddon?

The tourist is attached to the worst band express; it jingles  
on with a bang that threatens  
**Religion all the Way.** to finish all our croakery whole-  
sale. In fact, the way some of  
these cars pound each other every time they meet for coupling  
or uncoupling, would seem to indicate they didn't care for each  
other's company one bit. Our journey begins in earnest.  
After half day behind us, to the right rises the true-stationed  
Lake Superior. The hills are still the same as before, but now  
in the view of him front. We commence the day well, as we  
started, and closed each succeeding day, song and Bible and  
prayer—out and in several or eight either; no monochrome  
journey about us; every mortal on the train knew  
where he was; what he was, what our faith, whom we served.  
Working like starting off with a bold policy. The devil and  
his agents are hissing rattles—Crack them, you fellows!  
If you're afraid, they'll laugh at you. If you're not, they'll  
furnish, they'll furnish. So said. We had religion all the  
way. Edited each other, felt better, stronger, and more  
certain like for each other's fellowship.

To describe the next few days would be no understatement or to have spent them. It was much the same thing, only more so. We were three days and nights in the wilderness. That's the country between North Bay and Winnipeg. The land of rocks, and lakes, and dead trees, weird, monotonous, the same endless, everlasting tree stumps. Fire had done this work, and nothing else. The wind, the cold, the weather. Everything, we strained our sight to see the nickel mines. Not a one to be traced at all in the earth. "Suppose you're going to have a city here some day," I said to one enterprising young man who stood at the corner of a street with both hands in his pockets. But he didn't seem overstruck with the idea. A little place, nevertheless. Growing fast; flourishing. The nickel mines. In one case, a mountain of nickel silver. We searched the town, knocked the brush out of one of the fastest men—because I came when he was young, and when he was old he was up to it. Took our bearings generally for future reference. We shall know the best part of the town some day. We can't see even Sudbury.

**Wimpering at last.**  
**Everything in**  
**Two Hours.**

A great city; all the growth of only ten years. Just passing through, and yet a crowd of loyal soldiers at the depot to grip our hands and fire a volley. Get off. Feel into the arms of Mother. Hatched up to the Provincial Headquarters for breakfast. Seated midway by a reporter; saluted by another at the passage. "All right, one at a time," said I. Answered at the question possible to put in a few minutes, and did not get up until the train was about to start. I was kindly saluted by Brigadier Holland, who put the triumphant newspaper man to flight down stairs. Then breakfast; relations posted; names despatched; instructions given re British Scheme, the next great session, went out foraging for the first time. The next day, the 10th of June, was a bright, hot day, and we again, with a few of the men, in a private car

At Bannock, great crowd greeted us. "This isn't my visit," I protested. "My go is on the way back." "Yes," replied Adjutant Major, "but we wanted to give you a 'God speed.' " Half a dozen of the best-looking Outlets followed me everywhere. "Where are you going?" "I am going to see the Commandant." "Yes," replied a voice, "I. Who are you?" "Served and happy," said a smiling face. "OK," replied the Commandant. "They'll remember you when being remembered." Then the truly rolled out.

**Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta.** On we go. We leave behind us provinces as big as whole nations of the Old World. All through the day—on! Like a forging comet, the locomotive belches her fiery trail through the night. On—past after past, station after station, bridge after bridge, tank after tank, settlement after settlement, mile after mile, incalculable, persistent, unvarying. A thousand miles covered. A thousand miles to go. Go on, you great engine, go on, brother ahead! Monstrous it is this world child, and yet so roomy, and yet within it so great a crush. God has given His race a legacy of land immeasurable to live on, while it builds for itself, garrets and slums to stifle in.

It grows wearisome. Business becomes more and more difficult. One's brain seems to have taken on wheels without a steering gear. We grow limp and dabby. We look around for life. Oh, for a wolf, a bear, a buffalo, a leopard, a tiger, a cheetah, a rhinoceros; any animal that moves with the swiftness of the wind. But there is naught but the eternal gopher, that little creature of a rat, a squirrel, and a weasel, comes forth at every turn to gaze at us. The gopher is the pest of the Northwest farmer. It is the checkered, provokent, little creature going by the name of gopher, that ruins the raising of crops. Hands of thieves, rats, snakes, and such, show up. Then the Cuckoo, and in the distance, at last, the heavy bear of the Rocky

Can't attempt any description of the mountains. One of these things too grand and too stupendous to spoil by tinkering. Time to think and pray in essential to the description of God. Almighty's footstep along this earth. I will do my best at it some future occasion; meanwhile, I will try to make a few suggestions in crossing them were, nevertheless, anything but a replacement. The track can never be very safe, especially in winter. Hard just as we entered "The Gap" a train had just departed the night before; general smash-up. The news was ever-convincing. All sorts of things happen; landslides, snow-slides, and avalanches. In some places the streams seem to open their throats for swallowing you; in others, the convective rocks weighing thousands of tons, seem to say "Pass on quickly or I'll bury you." I always got a diminished half a dozen lines in imagination when crossing these mountains at night.

Up the grade, we go slower; and slower, till the engine can hardly hold against the backward tugging of the cars. At night, in a semi-dark condition, we can hardly tell whether we are going up or down, back or front; sometimes the engine seems to have lost its grip of the rails, and we appear to be going about as fast as the wind. Then suddenly we are hurled at the rate of a hundred miles an hour down the incline! No, we are still climbing. We reach the summit, and now—down! Slow at first—a feeling of safety! Faster—a feeling of uncertainty! Faster—a feeling of insecurity; faster—a feeling of dread; faster—a sense of doom! Faster—a continuation of every nerve for the machin! Faster—a mad dash for the engine! Faster! Faster! And then—stop! Up the grade, we go slower; and slower, till the engine can hardly hold against the backward tugging of the cars. At night, in a semi-dark condition, we can hardly tell whether we are going up or down, back or front; sometimes the engine seems to have lost its grip of the rails, and we appear to be going about as fast as the wind. Then suddenly we are hurled at the rate of a hundred miles an hour down the incline! No, we are still climbing. We reach the summit, and now—down! Slow at first—a feeling of safety! Faster—a feeling of uncertainty! Faster—a feeling of insecurity; faster—a feeling of dread; faster—a sense of doom! Faster—a continuation of every nerve for the machin! Faster—a mad dash for the engine! Faster! Faster! And then—stop!

[illegible]

(The Commandant hopes to give some impression of his visit to the camp, etc., in a later edition of these notes.)



# INDIA,

— AS —

## Seen and Described by a Canadian,

DEVA SINGHA (Hunter).

less, then prostrated himself. This he repeated several times, according to Mahomedan custom. All devout followers of the prophet pray seven times every day, sunset being the praying time—sunset and almost immediate darkness, there is no twilight in tropical countries; the coolies commenced wrapping themselves up in their clothes, preparatory to sleep, huddled together, men, women and children.

### Poor, Ignorant Creatures,

yet they are included in Christ's salvation. He died for them, and who knows but He looked down on them that night with more pity and love than on us, who were His fully.

Committing ourselves to His care, Who is the God of every nation, Who rules on land and sea, the Major stretched himself behind a door, while I perched myself upon a locker and went to sleep.

I woke up about two in the morning, the ship was rolling heavily. I hopped off my perch and went off to see how the Major fared. He had been rolled round, but was fast asleep, so picking my way carefully among the sick and sleeping coolies, I got

Major explained full salvation, and told him to search the Bible. He is only one of the thousands in India who are groping in the dark seeking God and His salvation with so few to tell them of His power to save and keep, or better still, come and show them Christ's life lived over again.

The country is flat and sandy, with occasional

### Patches of Green Grass.

Were it not for the extreme heat, one could almost imagine we were on the prairie of Manitoba bound for British Columbia, but the sight of a large village with pariah huts outside the gate. Do you remember Christ went to the people outside the gate? They are outside the gates yet, and Christ's people in the Salvation Army are getting at them. Their huts resemble miniature haystacks, without windows, and only one was door. An outcast people, yet God's love and mercy extends to them. There are brighter days in store for them and jostling one another.

What a mixture of nationalities and caste. High caste Brahmans run up and down with their water buckets dealing out water to the thirsty passengers who carry their own jugs, as the Brahmans would loose caste and become unclean if he touched their drinking dishes. They have a cord round their body, while others have three lines, one red and two white; another caste have three white marks; some had

### One Little White Spot,

like the little girls in the pictures—those are pariah children, the very lowest caste in India, with the exception of that little one in the left hand corner with so much jewelry; she is a little higher up than her other little friends. Tamils carry their wealth in their strings of pretty pearls round their necks, nose rings, earrings, two rings, bracelets on their arms, and jewels in the hair, according to their wealth.

At one of the stations I looked out the window as we drove in. I noticed some many language on platform, then I saw two tall ladies in blue "sarees." Look, Major, do you know these two officers? The two officers came over as I spoke. "Ah, how do you do, Colonel?" "How are you, Major? I felt something like the little boy who, on being presented to

### Queen Victoria,

said, 'Is that the Queen?'" "Yes." "Well, why didn't she dress like the Queen? The Salvation Empress of India is dressed like her subjects?" On the roads, big, clumsy, lumbering, bullock wagons could be seen travelling along, sometimes loaded with people going long distances, where the railway don't



*Deva Singha*  
Wey

When I got a trip there, I'll tell you all about them. Towards Madras the country becomes greener, more hilly, and pleasanter, with

### Tall Hindoo Temples

hid amongst the trees, others with huge tanks in front for washing purposes. It was late at night when we steamed slowly into Madras station, where we had a good welcome, and got pushed into a "gurry." Off we went to Headquarters through the dark, badly lit streets, crowded with white clothed Moris, Mussalmans, Brahmans, Parsis, and Europeans, all hurrying to and fro in the gloomy darkness.

Once we nearly ran into a bullock cart, up some very narrow streets into one long, broad one, then we stopped in front of

### A Prison-Like Building.

"This will be yours for the present; we are crowded just now."

"Here you are, Captain; someone to keep you company."

"How are you?"

"Oh, not too bad."

"Been in the sun a little bit?"

"Yes, I have had a slight touch."

After supper, I started to question my room-mate how long he'd been in India, how he liked it.

"And where do you come from, Captain?"

He guessed from somewhere about Toronto.

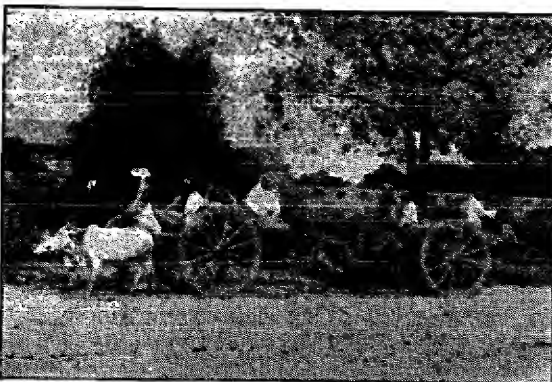
We laid our mats alongside of each other, and talked of Canada—fair, beautiful Canada, till I fell asleep to dream I was back in dear old Victoria, or somewhere else in the fair land of the Maple Leaf, to wake up in the morning, and find myself in a land where maple leaves, fir, birch, and snow are unknown, and a touch of frost would be most welcome.

Next two days, while Major was doing business with Colonel Lacy, I was busy seeing Madras, and its sights in the hazy



A week old Indian soldier.

Madras; Colonel Lacy, with four whole days at sea. Would I like to go? Rather: "Well, we'll go by steamer, and come back by Arnis."



Colombo is a very uncertain place to get steamer, so we had to wait until the "Glan McArthur," arrived, but on the sailing day, when we boarded her, the chief officer told us that we would be late in arriving

### In Madras.

So there was no alternative but cross to Tuticocin, then by rail to Madras. We just caught the "Vile" as she slipped her moorings, hauled ourselves and bags on deck just in time.

In the East, poor people travelling by sea, have neither cabins nor saloons to sleep in, but just lie down on deck, or anywhere else they can get. Being Salvationists, and, of course, poor, we travelled deck also, with plenty company—Tamil coolies from the tea estates, going home to South India, poor, thin, scraggy creatures, with even thinner children, quite serious little things, never laughing, seldom smiling.

Ah! life is a serious business with some children. One big Afghan, with reddish brown whiskers, dull black eyes, thin hollow cheeks and pale face; he looked like

### A Giant from Another World

as he stood upon the hatch, surrounded by the little Tamils, his mat spread out, with his eyes toward the setting sun, praying to God, in the name of Allah, their prophet, bending low, till his head touched the ground, then rising up to his knees, his lips moving all the time, then straightening himself up, he stood a few seconds motion-

less, then prostrated himself, thanking God He had made me not as other men—but a sinner.

At daylight just a faint strip on the horizon, which grew more distinct: the top of a smoke-stack; trees;

### We Slowed Down, Stopped.

"Let go the anchor," rang out from the bridge.

"Acha mah!" (all right, etc).

Splash. Out went the chains, jumping, wriggling, and quivering like some great snake.

We were within five miles of India. Three sail boats came along side to take us ashore. What a rush down the ladder and over the side. Into the hold they packed them, men, women and little children. We held back to the last boat, having no desire to be squeezed up in such uncomfortable company.

After rest and breakfast at a friend's house, we made for the railway station to do thirty hours on the worst railway in the world, in hot, stuffy little carriages, very much like horse boxes.

### Our Old Afghan

of the previous night made room for us in his carriage. Just on starting a young Hindoo asked permission to ride with us. He wanted to know something more about Jesus, recently saved, but he wanted a complete salvation; could Jesus save him from sinning? Someone had cruelly told him no, but he felt that God could do a great deal more for him than He had done.

The storekeepers sit cross little stores, open-front above, below, and around Arabes showing their wares broilered cloths; coppering away at their round co

### Native Jewels

showing gold and silver rings North-West; precious, from Burmah and Ceylon, boxmakers, who make ever boxes, on being opened, box, out they come, box at last one is only half an inch of every color: tiger claws, phantoms. Truly, an Elvish wonderful place.

Near one of the bazaars do temple, with

"Juggernaut"

our attached, which is pulled val days, accompanied by while the people prostrate peers. Before the British ruled India, the Hindoos themselves in front of the passed along, crushing them. They believed it was a short but, happily, that is a thing. Walking is almost impossible as a "jutka" is the cheapest rickshaws. It is pleasant and who enjoy a rough ride. So one another, you are in danger your friend opposite by you in violent contact with his rick over the rough streets.

We return to Colombo by



What a T  
Next  
The Command  
Celebration





The storekeepers sit cross-legged in their little stores, open-fronted; his goods above, below, and around about him. Arab showing their wonderfully embroidered cloths; coppernatives hammering away at their round copper dishes.

#### Native Jewellers

showing gold and silver rings, made in the North-West; precious, beautiful stones from Burnah and Oryon. Wonderful boxmakers, who make even more wonderful boxes, on being opened, show another box, out they come, box after box, till the last one is only half an inch square. Birds of every color: tiger claws for sale; elephant tusks. Truly, an Eastern bazaar is a wonderful place.

Near one of the bazzars is a large Hindu temple, with

#### "Juggernaut"

car attached, which is pulled out on festival days, accompanied by dancing girls, while the people prostrate themselves as it passes. Before the British Government ruled India, the Hindus would throw themselves in front of the wheels as it passed along, crushing them to death. They believed it was a short cut to heaven; but, happily, that is a thing of the past.

Walking is almost impossible in Madras, so a "jutka" is the cheapest mode of conveyance. It is pleasant and nice for those who enjoy a rough ride. Sitting opposite one another, you are in danger of injuring your friend opposite by your head coming in violent contact with his nose, as you jolt over the rough streets.

We return to Colombo by steamer filled

with people bound for England—some rich, some poor; three fatherless little girls, going home to Scotland; a big, tall Scotch engineer, going home to die; a young Bengali, bound for Oxford University; a staunch Hindu, who told us he admired Jesus Christ but he did not believe He was the Saviour of the world.

A lady with a weak heart, very fashionably dressed, with an old white-headed lady as deaf as a post.

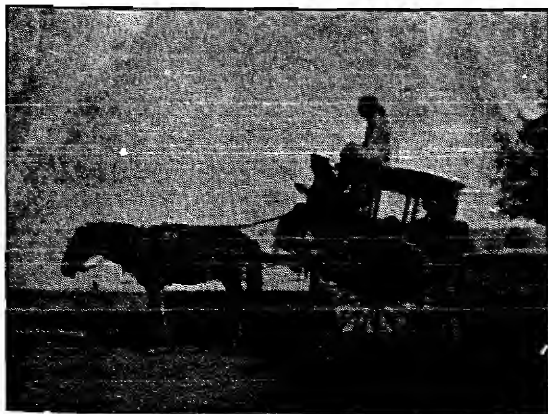
A rich young planter, twelve-and-a-half years in India. His doctor told him he must go home or die. He told me as we talked under the star light, leaning over the rail, watching the lights of Madras (which reminded me of dear old Buenos Ayres) fade in the dark, that he believed God would deal mercifully with him, as he had always prayed and read his Bible, but he had no knowledge of his sins forgiven.

#### Christ

Who was able to save him from sin, and give him a hope of heaven. If he recovers and is able to travel, he intends visiting Canada.

A Catholic priest, who was very nice after he knew we were ex-South Americans.

If we did nothing else we left a good impression in the s. a. "Delaware," and that is what Jesus expects every soldier in Canada to do—impress every one they meet that there is power in God to make them conquerors every day of their lives. They breathe a different air, walk and talk with the blessed Lord Himself who is able to keep us from falling and in the end present us spotless before His Father in heaven. God bless you all.



## MITRAILLEUSE.

In France, some 24,000 women are employed by the railway companies.

—II—

"Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality."—RUSKIN.

—II—

Uno you know! Cadet Chongonongo Mahangaga, has been promoted to a Zululand Lieutenancy.

—II—

Many of the American railway companies will have none but abstainers as workmen on their lines.

—II—

There are 46,668 men, and 2,988 women and girls out of employment in Brooklyn. 19,873 are in dire need of assistance.

—II—

This is not patented.—A worthy man in Northumbria, has bestowed him of placing a vehicle at a central spot for the use of aged people desirous of attending a place of worship.

—II—

Our Home Heavens.—A laboring man in a Chrydon lodging-house, sold his wife to a fellow-lodger for four-pennyworth of beer, and received a receipt for his money.

—II—

Extensive preparations are being made for Jubilee Numbers of the War Cry, All the World, Durable England Gazette, Deliverer, and Young Soldier.

—II—

"The Lord has come," smilingly exclaimed Auxiliary J. K. Washburn, and he then fell dead at the feet of the lady to whom he was in course of declaring the whole counsel of God.

—II—

Staff-Captain Allen, editor of the Deliverer, goes on a six months' furlough, in consequence of the continued unsatisfactory condition of her health. She will, however, be able to at least "take notes" for future utilization. The Lord be with her!

—II—

"Unless the total abstinence societies devote themselves solely to the drunkard, we should . . . support no institution or person who is connected with teetotalism." This is a gift of a resolution, passed unanimously by a committee of Cape Colony "wine farmers." Whatever will become of our South African forces now?

—II—

On the conclusion of his term of imprisonment, the authorities of Fitchburg Jail, have put an ex-convict into a position of trust. Why? Because he got saved a considerable time ago through the Salvation Army meetings in the jail, and he has ever since been a good soldier, although till recently, a broad-shouldered one.

—II—

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not tell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all that liquid fire, commonly called drama, or spirituous liquor."—JOHN WHEAT.

—II—

A man in Maryland made an appointment to meet his wife, from whom he was separated. He had made up his mind to get her into a lonely spot and then shoot her. But a Salvation Army open-air meeting attracted him, and made him too late for his appointment, and the next time he had opportunity to see his wife the grace of God had reached his heart.

—II—

"I feel cold chills shivering all through me. Are you mesmerizing me?" said a California infidel, who, out of curiosity, attended an Army meeting in a town he was visiting. "The shivers" reached his inmost parts, and, thank God! he got saved, and has since been the means of leading a number of other sceptics to the Saviour.

—II—

"One secret of the success of the Salvation Army has been the definiteness of its religious teaching. It has respected its hearers too much to fritter away their time with scientific instruction or political propaganda. It has concentrated itself on the immediate task of winning souls, and even in its Social Work has never lost sight of this supreme object."—British Weekly.

—II—

Very few leading headmen had turned up, and those who were present voted it would be absurd to attempt to play. It looked as if the march would be "as slow

as a funeral," when the following brilliant idea struck Lieutenant Stephens (now Staff-Captain and editor of the Australian Cry) and was at once adopted. Why not have a funeral for a change? The Color-Sergeant was directed to reverse the standard, the bandmen marched with instruments under their arms, except the drummer, who, with loosened parchment, tolled out a doleful slow-step; the timbrels sounded not a jingle, and male soldiers all walked along in perfect silence, eyes cast on the ground and caps in hand. To say it caused a sensation in the crowded main street is nothing. People rushed out of the shops to see what was up with the Army. Some of them killed the General right off; others said it was the former Captain, who was known to have been on rest through illness, that was dead; but not feeling certain about it, they followed by hundreds to the barracks, and we treat enjoyed the meeting.

## THE TRUE WISDOM.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN FRY.

### PART II.

In fact the true child of God will experience that this will follow as a natural consequence. The first cry of the newborn soul will be, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" He will look around him with eyes of pity at the thousands who are going on in sin and rebellion against God, hastening to everlasting punishment, "where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever," "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

He will also see that Satan has so blinded the minds of them who believe not, that, though they are hastening on to such a doom, they are perfectly unconcerned.

He will also know that life is but the probation, the time given to man to prepare for eternity, that when death strikes a sinner the declaration is fulfilled, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

He will be encouraged by the thought that "a measure of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," and that every person he speaks to is possessed of a conscience which bears witness to the truth.

In view of these facts he will see that the only aim worth living for is to secure the salvation of as great a number of the lost around as possible; that other things are only of any real value as they tend to the accomplishment of this object. He will see that true wisdom consists in turning many to righteousness.

Now, my comrades, is this the way you look at things? Has this experience ever been yours? Oh, if not, I beseech you to examine your state, and get to know whether you ever have been saved. If your salvation has never had the effect upon you that it had on the woman of Samaria, leading her to "leave her water-pot," and hasten back to the city with the message, "Come, see a Man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" you have great reason to doubt whether it is of the right quality or not. Oh, be not deceived! The devil is ever ready to persuade a soul that it has been converted when it has not. He deals in counterfeits. Give God no rest till you are building on the Rock that will stand the test of time, death and eternity.

But are you amongst the number who have once had this experience and lost it? Did you once have a vivid perception of the condition of sinners and their terrible danger, but has the impression passed from your mind? Have you become careless as to the souls of those about you? Have you lost your zeal for God? Has the devil drawn his harrowing across your track and taken you off the scent? If so, do as you would if you had lost nearly as much—retreat your steps till you come to the spot where it fell, regain it, and then go forth in its possession to carry out all that it involves. "Yet a little while is the light with you; walk while ye have the light, lest darkness cometh upon you." Perhaps in the past you have followed the light up to a point where to follow it further would mean treading a path of suffering and self-sacrifice, and so you remained where you were; the light went on, and you were left in the dark. If you will only go back to that spot, resolved at all cost to follow the light, your path will again be illuminated, and you will yet have the joy of fulfilling the purposes of God for you, and prove that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

**What a Treat it will be!**  
**Next Week's WAR CRY.**  
The Commandant's Colossal Schemes for the Celebration of our General's Jubilee.



In the "War Cry," Next Week, the Commandant Unfolds Canada's Jubilee Program.

## BRANDON ABLAZE.

### A Northwest Rebellion War Horse.

#### THE TOWN BAND DO HONOR TO THE COMMANDANT.

#### The Citizens Unite in Giving the Commandant a Hearty Welcome.

It was with feelings of great joy that we hailed the announcement that our leader, Commandant Booth, accompanied by Brigadier Holland, should visit Brandon.

The officers, cadets, and soldiers, of Brandon district, had pledged themselves to spend not less than ten minutes of each day praying for the Commandant, and for the success of his soul-saving tour.

God came very near to us in our manifestations for the reception.

Captain Bailey seemed to have special help in getting out advertisements. A special advertisement in the shape of a small house with a fire in it, was carried about the streets. A large streamer was fixed across the Main street with, "A loyal welcome to Canada's Army leader," printed in large letters.

The citizens did their best to help us. The local papers announced the coming reception in glowing terms. The C. P. R. agents allowed us to erect a platform near the station. The town band gave their services free; a number of their members laying aside their business in order to do so.

Sergeant Major Kiehl brought a war horse, one that had been ridden by an officer in the North-West rebellion, and placed him at the disposal of the Commandant.

The flags of the different corps of the district formed an arch on the platform. The Union Jack was hoisted above, and when the train steamed in everybody was ready to give our leader a proper cheer. Three cheers were given by the people. The city band played a selection. The Commandant took the platform and addressed the crowd of people who had assembled. He thanked them for their hearty expressions of welcome and sympathy, more especially so because they fully understood that he came in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the interests of the souls of the people.

Said the Commandant: "If I, as the General's son, receive such a whole-hearted reception, how much greater and grander will be the welcome given to the founder of this great organization."

The people were delighted. The band played. The crowd cheered. The Commandant mounted his war horse, his secretary triumphantly climbed on to his charger, and, led on by the town band, we marched up to the barracks.

The Commandant seemed to be quite at home on his war horse, and presented a very military appearance.

After prayer, a few rousing volleys were given: first for the General, then for the Commandant, and then for the town band. The Commandant personally expressed his appreciation of the services of the band and said that he hoped it would be repeated.

The meeting was of a very interesting and instructive character. The Commandant, in his very attractive and effective style, made everybody feel that it was good to be there. Everybody was cheered and encouraged.

A number of cadets said good-bye to Training Garrison. Officers and cadets, who accompanied the Commandant, had a word for Jesus. A number of candidates were interviewed, and at a very late hour the click of the Commandant's type-writer could be still heard.

At 5 a.m. we were again on the move. Boarded the train at 7 a.m., when, with music and song, we made our way to Winnipeg, where a tremendous reception awaited the Commandant.

### Visit of Commandant Booth.

THE CITIZENS AND SALVATION ARMY OF BRANDON  
EXTEND A HEARTY WELCOME TO THE  
COMMANDANT.

(Brandon Times.)

A large crowd gathered at the C. P. R. depot, Saturday morning, to welcome Commandant H. H. Booth. The reception throughout was a most enthusiastic one, and much pleasure was manifested at the visit of so eminent and popular an official of the Army.

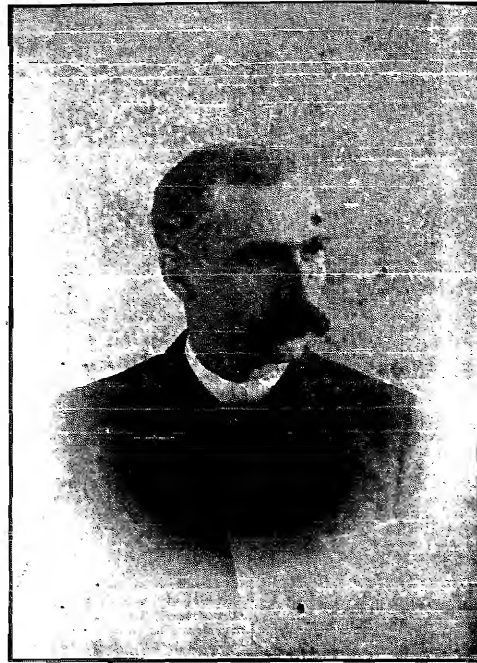
On alighting from the train, the Commandant was greeted with three hearty cheers, the city band, who had very kindly lent their services for the occasion, playing.

"See the conquering hero come."

Commandant Booth was then conducted to a raised dais a few yards from the track where, after prayer had been offered, Adjutant Magne, on behalf of the citizens and Salvation Army of Brandon, presented the Commandant and his Staff with a brief and fitting address of welcome, to which the former ably and feelingly responded. In the course of his remarks, he referred to his visit to this city a year ago, and also to his extensive travels throughout the world. He was very sanguine of Manitoba's future, and anticipated considerable immigration from the Southern States into this northern country at no very distant date. He trusted the growth of this province might also reveal a marked increase and prosperity in the power and work of the Army.

In the evening a monster meeting was held in the Salvation Army hall under the leadership of Commandant Booth. The service was varied, sometimes earnest and sometimes amusing, now solemn and again very jovial, but always profitable.

The Commandant, in a very earnest and



FRED L. NEWMAN, Ex-Mayor of Portage in Prairie.

effective manner, addressed the crowd at considerable length. The most rapt attention and best of order prevailed throughout the meeting.

The Commandant expressed himself highly gratified at the progress of the Army in the North-West. Never, said he, had he found it in a more consolidated and substantial condition than at the present day.

It is now fifty years since the General, who has nearly completed his three score years and ten, inaugurated the Salvation Army, and many, we must confess, are the conflicts it has had to face during that period to attain its present stability and world-wide popularity.

Altogether, Commandant Booth and his Staff have every reason to be pleased with the cheerful and hearty reception accorded to them, not only by our local Salvation Army corps, but also by the citizens of Brandon generally.

#### MORTON'S HARBOR.

"If YOU HAVE never seen anyone saved in your life before, look at me." Here such one washed in the blood of the dear Redeemer. These are the words of our brother on a Sunday afternoon as he stood before a crowd of seemingly hardened people. As he spoke, tears of joy streamed down his face.

Although being somewhat secluded and deprived of privileges some enjoy, still I feel we have much to praise God for. He has so wonderfully helped us in our hard toiling. I would like to write a little about glorious victories we have gained through trusting in our Great King.

Having orders to open school myself, and leaving the visitation for Lieutenant to do in most of it alone, and then having to walk a mile to the barracks for school and meeting, seemed to be more than we could do, but we just threw ourselves on God and took courage, and went in unaided for victory. We have been able to rejoice over QUINCY a sinner saved, and on last Sunday night God spoke very loudly to the hearts of sinners, and six DEAR BACKSLIDING BROTHERS came forward and sought again forgiveness. Five of them got blessedly saved and are still going on. Our comrades are a real blood-and-fire lot; they do their very best to help each in the furnace, and they don't forget to shout when they get them there. It is true the enemy has tried hard to defeat and overthrow us, but we still go on.

We are now having our number of soldiers increased, and also our scholars too. We have now thirty-five scholars, and there are more to come on this month; they were very surely at first, but I took them all to God and He helped, and now they are improving fast. I love them all very much, and although it is a very trying work, still I find it a most blessed one. Truly, we can say that our God is true to His promise. He has lightened the heavy burdens, and in time of difficulty, He has been a never failing Father, and at "Even time," we have been enabled to say, "It is light."—Captain BELL HOLLAND, Lieutenant MILDRED NOEL.

### Again in Stock.

Owing to a great demand in certain publications, we had recently sold out some new lines in a very short time. We have now again the following publications in stock, which we can supply by return mail:

PETER CARTWRIGHT, the Backwood's Preacher. Cloth, 50 cts.  
BILLY BRAT, the King's Son. Cloth, 40 cts.  
PETER LOVE—By Rev. J. A. Wood. 50 cts.  
ENTIRE MANUMISSION.—By Rev. W. J. Wood. 50 cts.  
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Being the Life of Samuel Hick. Cloth, 50 cts.  
PURITY AND MATURITY.—By Rev. J. A. Wood. Cloth, 75 cts.  
NINETEEN SALVATIONS.—By Frances E. Willard. Cloth, 50 cts.

READ THESE.

### THE EPOCH-MAKING YEAR

SEE NEXT "CRY."

#### Why Should I Apply for "the Rescue Work?"

BECAUSE the fields in every quarter of the globe are white with harvest.

BECAUSE you have already wasted too much time counting the cost.

BECAUSE that consideration of selfish interest and comfort, is not worth a moment's thought.

BECAUSE in seeking God's interest, you are promoting your own.

BECAUSE all your present and future happiness depends entirely upon your obedience to the call.

BECAUSE no one else can fill your place.

BECAUSE you promised God to follow wherever He should lead you.

BECAUSE you have not one single reason to offer why you should not do so.

BECAUSE: "Whoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life, shall preserve it."

Apply to,

MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH,  
Salvation Temple, Toronto.

#### DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

You Should Wear Regulation Uniform!

The way to get it is to write to the Trade Secretary for samples of Dress Goods and Self-Measurement Forms, and order at once. Great variety in Sashes and Coaches.

Try Headquarters!



ROBERT WATSON, Esq., Portage in Prairie, Minister Public Works.

Ten Thou

Major Mor  
Tou

WONDERFUL IMPRESSION  
FAITH RICH—A BAL  
NEWFOUNDLAND



Stratification to adapt  
the means or climate.  
before boarding the car  
rubber coat, pants turn  
behind his head, face b  
we felt sure of loyalty  
for victory for him.  
The bell rang, we sta  
him to

changing, so as to clear  
schooner to leave St. J  
him to Grand Bank, his  
Brigade-Captain Gooch  
on the same train, next  
time. He is superintend  
this new schooner at Pol  
rigging, painting, fitting  
also willing were enter  
I was able to understan  
this business, for when  
from home, and was a  
understood even someth  
of things we needed to fi  
He returns to the Nor  
faith for this scheme, at  
me this brand-new sch  
also to receive the crew,  
to mill her down to St. J.

## Ten Thousand Hallelujahs for the Plans to be Unfolded in Next Week's "Cry!"



DR. RUTHERFORD, Portage la Prairie.

## Major Morris' First Tour.

WONDERFUL IMPRESSION FOR GOOD—  
FAITH HIGH—A SALVATION FLEET—  
NEWFOUNDLAND FOR JESUS.



**BAY ROBERTS.**  
—On the 17th of April, I arranged to leave St. John's on my first tour, Adjutant Smeaton accompanied me down to the station. To the last moment, we talked over the prospects of the war in Newfoundland, and especially in the Southern District, where Adjutant has been appointed. He proceeds there full of faith. The few weeks spent around the Central Division and Provincial Headquarters, there have been beneficial to him. Constant has been his thirst for information, even to skimming a seal. It seems so easy for

Evangelists to adapt themselves to reach the masses or classes. Viewing Adjutant before boarding the car, in long boots and rubber coat, pants turned up, and cap a trifle behind his head, face beaming with hope, we felt sure of loyalty and love, and looked for victory for him.

The bell rang, we steamed away, leaving him to

## Await the Wind

changing, so as to clear a course for the schooner to leave St. John's harbor to take him to Grand Bank, his district headquarters. Brigade-Captain Gooby, who was travelling on the same train, next demanded my attention. He is superintending the building of this new schooner at Pelly's Island. Plans for rigging, painting, fitting out, and manning, also sailing were entered into and digested.

I was able to understand even the details of this business, for when a youth I ran away from home, and was a little while at sea, so understood even something about the names of things we needed to fit her out.

He returns to the Northern District full of faith for this scheme, and to Pelly Island to see this brand-new schooner fitted up. I, also to receive the crew, who are ordered up to sail her down to St. John's for the campaign,

and for the Commandant to review and deliberate.

Our Everyman, Mr. Stephenson, was at Salmon Cove station, and after riding about three hours through

## A Blinding Rain

and hail storm, sometimes fringing on a precipice, and sometimes running along some pond, or crossing a river, or else skirting some little cove or bay.

At last Brigus was sighted. It quite surprised me it's a nice little place. Both the officers were sick and unable to do anything. They were cheerful and happy, although both of them suffering: the first now being the soldiers' meeting on Sunday night, and they had three souls. I spent really a most enjoyable and profitable time talking over the work and helping them.

We joined the march in the street; it was a most miserable night outside, raining very hard. Inside, before we were through the first song, the barracks were comfortably full, and for two hours they went in Army style. I carried two recruits. Go on, Captain Annie Kean and Lieutenant Rose Oswald; the Lord can heal, and

## The Battle Belongs to God,

and victory's sure. Bay Roberts, our Everyman is on hand; we heard her, and have the privilege of enjoying another storm and nine mile drive. With a long breath and a firm grip, we strike off up hill and down dale, over snow banks and through mud. Here we strike a nice little place they call Clark's Beach. It was pretty bleak, and it became really serious to me. Fancy driving some mile or so with a wind and rain storm coming off the sea, and no shelter, elevated above the beach; she more than filled our souls.

My eyes were fastened to see some

## Nice Little Farms

along the way, and a saw mill. I am now seated in the officers' quarters, beautiful for situation. As I look into Robert's Bay, I see about 100 schooners ready for the Labrador fisheries, many of them to be manned by our brave Salvation Army sailors, and who will be in a few weeks' time, scolding the waves of the broad Atlantic, in search of fish to earn their daily bread, their little vessels skimming the waves, and riding upon their crests like so many white-winged sea gulls. On the outer edge of these schooners, is anchored our little *Good Tidings*—a real picture—standing out of the water, with her head erect, ready to

## Shake Off Any Sea

which would have the audacity to come over her bulwarks. She seems to me like the ark of the covenant, carrying God's treasures in and out and amongst the fishermen who leave home and little ones to earn their daily bread, who are compelled to brave the storm. She also awaits her crew.

There's a chance, my dear, precious comrades, to send something which will buy medicine, clothing, and help, or food, to fit

her out. She probably will not cross to Labrador, but will work the home stations, and remain doing home work, carrying comfort to the wives. If you have confidence, your money will be used by me to bless.

## Send It Along

to 100 La Marchant Road, St. John's.

These human souls, these tellers in God's universe, need, and must have our care. Our souls seem all in a flame to comfort. It is not often I quote poetry, but if the Editor's shears do not cut it short, this is the feeling of Mrs. Morris and myself for Newfoundland's salvation. I do not know the author:

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,  
Give love, give tears, and give thyself;  
Give, give, be always giving,  
Who gives out, is not in need.  
The more we give, the more we live.

## Send the Ringing CRY along

(NEXT WEEK).

## VICTORIA, B. C.

SOME GREAT CHANGES have taken place in our corps. Many old things have passed away. Captain Patton led the meeting for the last time, and farewell for Nanaimo. A large crowd turned out to say good-bye, as they also did the following night to give our new leaders a proper hallelujah welcome at their first meeting. The Adjutant gave us a song—

"The shaft behind the door."

God's Spirit of conviction is at work. Our soldiers' roll-calls are beautiful times of power; also the knee-drills and holiness meetings, where God meets with us. Already their influence is being felt in the public meetings.

All day Sunday we had large marches and open-air, and at every meeting a well-filled church. Our knee-drill numbers are increasing, and our faith runs high that Victoria shall be ahead of every other corps in the Dominion in knee-drill attendance as well as other things.

Lieutenant Newman was with us all day Sunday. At the holiness meeting in the morning THREE BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS came out for sanctification. Next week, special meetings—ANNIE REILLY, Special Correspondent.

## A SALVATION JUBILEE CHAIN OF 50 LINKS

(See Next CRY).

## MORRISBURG.

LIEUTENANT BEACHELL, THE MUSICAL WONDER, is here helping us for a short time. Thursday night we had a children's jubilee, when sixteen children marched, took the platform, sang songs, recited Bible verses, etc. The meeting, which was led by Sergeant Mrs. Ford and Hattie Gillard, was very good, and the collection extra good.

Friday night, a SISTER, who was dismissed out of the Army ranks, and felt she was disobeying God, came and yielded up her all to Him. Saturday night one of our famous singing battles was held. Captain Brokenshire and violin; Lieutenant Beachell, with his numerous musical instruments; Lieutenants Pifer and Stann, and Brother Moore, the saved Irishman, from Perth, were all there.

Grand meetings all day Sunday. At night ANOTHER SISTER fell at the Cross, where the burden of her heart rolled away. She was willing, she said, to be a Salvation Army soldier, or whatever God wanted her to be. All glory to the Lamb!—ETHEL WHITTAKER.

## RIVERSIDE.

REVIVAL IN KNEE-DRILLS. Open-air good. Bandmen are coming up. We are becoming more and more loyal subjects to our Queen and country, but more especially to the King of kings.

This past week-end, Major Complin, Staff-Captain Streeton and Adjutant Manton were with us for the holiness meeting, reinforced by Staff-Captain Bennett, Adjutant Miller, and Captain Florence, for the afternoon and night. Another reinforcement at night in the person of Mrs. Staff-Captain Streeton. The holiness meeting was good, short, spicy, and wound up with ONE SINNER seeking pardon and getting it. The open-air were full of interest.

Soldiers' meetings getting better. Junior's meetings getting more interesting.—CAPTAIN ANDREWS.

## ODESSA

IS GOING UP. We have just had presentation of colors, a commissioning of local officers, an enrolment of soldiers, also a few good cases of conversion.

We have just had a visit from Staff-Captain Sharp, also Lieutenant Morris and his band. His music and singing was very much appreciated. A crowded hall, good collection, and closed with ONE OF THE BIGGEST SINNERS of this place converted.—CAPTAIN CHURCHILL, Lieutenant MILES.

## 'Twill make your heart throb—next week's CRY.

## YARMOUTH.

ENSIGN BLACKBURN'S recent week-end visit to Yarmouth, in the interest of the Social Work, was a success spiritually as well as financially. ENIGM SOLUS sought the Saviour during the meetings. The crowd that listened to the relation of his prison experience were deeply interested and seemed to have their sympathies aroused.

On Thursday evening last, brother and sister Allen dedicated their child to God and His work.

In the absence of Ensign Gage and Captain Knight, the Soldiers are holding the fort this week.—AUXILIARY 34.

## "Then was our mouth filled with laughter"—after reading next week's CRY.

## FREDERICTON TRAINING GARRISON.

ANOTHER WEEK rolls by into eternity. I look back and thank God that its hours have been spent for Him. With our work and lessons in the Home, visiting WAR CRY-sellers and meetings we have very little time to waste. Things which at first were done as duties are now changed into pleasures. A lady told me, while visiting, that she would as soon tear the leaves from her Bible to use for wrapping paper as to take the WAR CRY for that purpose. God bless the WAR CRY, I always loved to read it, but now I love to sell it as well, for I look upon it as a mighty weapon in our hands to wage war against the kingdom of darkness.—COTEL WELCH.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

BRIGADIER SCOTT,  
Corner Queen and Beget Sts.,  
Kingston, Ont.



COMMANDANT EN ROUTE.



# "HOW SHALL I CELEBRATE THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE?"

## Jubilee Gist of the Crys

The last two issues, especially, of the London War Cry, have been crowded

finish, with the all-absorbing subject of the JUBILEE YEAR of our grand old General. "JAPAN FOR JESUS," is the frontpiece (see Canadian Young Soldier), and "JAPAN AND THE JUBILEE," insists that "now is the accepted time."

"Japan for Jesus!" is one of the most fascinating of the Jubilee battle-cries. And what an interesting mystery is that Eastern land to most of us! The War Cryman owns up that he has been living under a pleasant delusion, and that when the editor requested him to present our readers with a description of The Land of the Rising Sun, all he could recollect about it was a fan-and-flower medley, wise queerly-costumed, almond-eyed figures as per the tea-chests and biscuit-boxes!

"Y GOLLOF GYNNAED." Thus runs the heading to the weekly Welsh column. This may or it may not be about the General's Jubilee; we would rather not express an opinion. Perhaps the reader may tackle it! It says:—

"Y mae y Cadfridog wedi myned trwy wath cawrdded y ddwyddedd, ac yn wir rhyddodd yw ei fath yn meddwl ddiol ati yn burheus. Yn wreidd ydychydig yn ddiweddar am ddeg diwrnod; arweiniodd bedwyr-ugain a gyfarfodd mawrion a safodd dderbyniad megis rhyw brenhinol."

Spicy reading—ain't it!

Next follow five

Poetic Greetings to Our General,

by Major Harding, G. C., George Logan, Julia Pencock, and Arthur Evans.

(Probably we will print extracts on another page.)

"HOLINESS IN HASTINGS," advanced by an All-Night of Prayer, led by the Chief of Staff, tells how fifty-nine souls plunged into the streaming stream.

On the top of this comes

"A Hot Jubilee,"

from the powerful pen of COMMISSIONER RALTON. See page 2.

"THE TRANSLATING OF COLONEL BOGGS" quotes a saying, so trite and true, of the Chief, that "The Salvation Army is distinguished by its wonderful faculty of adapting itself to new surroundings."

In a speech full of dry humor, Colonel Boon, talking of himself, remarked:

"When I first met the General, he asked me what I was good for. I replied if there was an ugly job that no one else could do, I would like to have a try at that. And, what do you think? The General mentioned the Trade."

And further on:

"I certainly am a better man for coming into the Salvation Army. I dabbled with politics, testatorism, Local Boards, gas-works, etc., in the old days; but now I prefer being a small man in a big way to being a big man in a small way."

"To-Day's News," (which, by the way, is April 8th), includes:

GERMAN JUBILEE WISHES.

Officers and soldiers in Germany are one with comrades everywhere in praising God for the General's past fifty years, and praying that he may be granted at least another twenty-five better ones still.

The attack on Saxony has been opened by sale of publications, and most satisfactory arrangements for first meeting in Leipzig, where already many warm friends have been made.

Meetings yesterday, in a parish near the Russian frontier, where the persons loudly denounced us as "false prophets." The whole parish is aroused, and many deeply convicted. Some of the worst sympathizers fully with us.

In the "Week's Review,"

The Jubilee Message

is to the following effect:

"The Army leaders have once more proved wise interpreters of their fellows' desires. The Jubilee Message, described by Commissioner Howard as the 'most important' will bring the entire Army and its friends into direct communication with the General, thereby accomplishing a twofold purpose. The messages will express a lasting expression of sentiment, on the one hand, and should largely provide the means for securing the objects of the Jubilee, on the other. The plan is simple, effective and comprehensive. Not a moment should be lost in getting the necessary books into the hands of the corps."

Sixty-Five!

"WITH HIS GREAT NATURAL POWERS UN-APPEARED, AND A DEVOTED AND HONORABLE OF SPIRIT WHICH HIS TONGUE AND MORE FORTHRIGHT OFFICIAL MOUTH WELL COVER, OUR BELOVED GENERAL HAS, THIS WEEK, ENTERED UPON HIS SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR."

"The full reasons for profound gratitude to God can only be known when the imperial historian unfolds the work done by the first General of the Salvation Army. At last, we

can but see him now as through a glass darkly. Meanwhile the air resounds with 'Hallelujahs' and 'Amen's' over the event. Long life, health, strength and wisdom to the General!"

The page of compactly condensed corps reports is printed

"On the Eve of the Jubilee,"

telling, by wire, how MANY SOULS CLAIM VICTORY!

By some strange hap Toronto received two successive numbers from England this week, the latest, April 21st, 1894. This does happen occasionally. No doubt one mail was delayed whilst the second made good speed.

"HOW SHALL I CELEBRATE THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE?" is still the leading question.

In "A Chat with the Candidate-Fisher," we read:

"If young men and women," said Colonel Lawley, standing towards the big portrait, and then smartly wheeling round and gazing at the crowd passing under the window, "want to be known in heaven and earth, tell them, Mr. Interviewer—may, burn it into them—that they ought to come into the SALVATION ARMY TO HAVE SOULS. The softest death-bed in the Salvation Army officer's. To be able in the last hour to roll up the past and say, 'I lived on shillings instead of pounds; I preferred a cottage to a palace for my abode; the streets and the slums and the market-places for my empire; and the smiles of my Saviour to the riches of the world,' will be a life worth leaving to husband, wife, friends, and the world!"

A little further on, the interviewer asks:

"Well, how do you propose to raise the Jubilee Ten Hundred?"

"Oh, by God's help, we shall do that!"

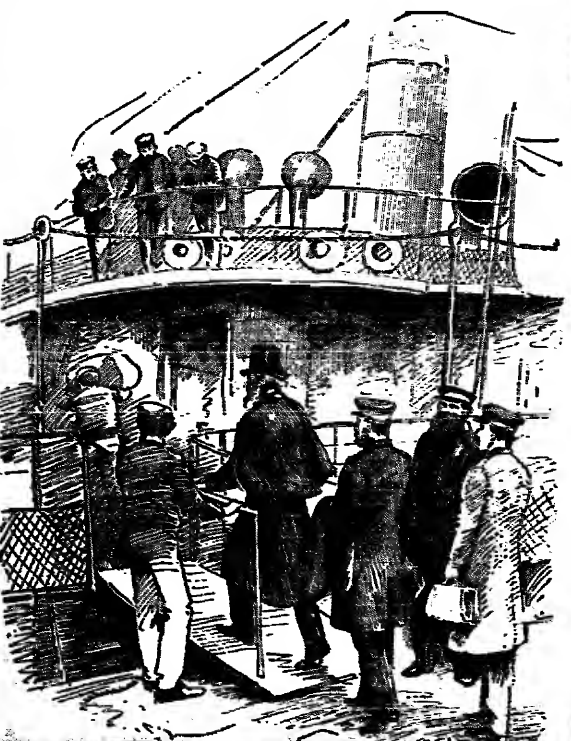
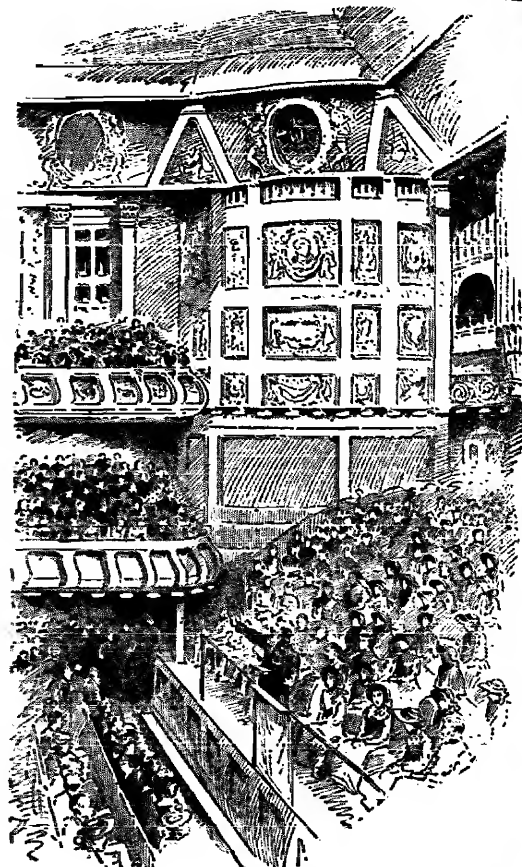
"How, how, Colonel?"

"Using the War Cry," he retorted, with a smile. "It's influence is incalculable. I remember writing an article two or three years ago, and in one day of the week in which it appeared, I had forty applications. Why, there's a girl, not a thousand miles from here, who dare not read anything from my pen because it reminds her of her duty. God has called her to the Work. The War Cry troubles the consciences of the soldiers, who know they ought to apply."

Again comes the query:

"What if

"THE PARENTS REFUSE CONSENT?"



## Did you

in the building had given ten of an intention to twelve men and women their knees, seeking advice, or entire deliverance. Then a chorus.

The writer's object, of course, to follow the management very much according to which newspapers, which extending across the water. In this instance carried away by the spirit soon found himself now merged actor, and a runaway then with

A WOULD-BE APOLOGIST AND PART-DIET

At the last count, the tents reached sixty-seven. Then still three more for the two days to the tented one of 517.

"We've forgotten all papers will make the total of 237,000 already given. Total of 270,000 to come."

THE JUBILEE

has been passed by the General, a popular article at a p



MR. JOHN

Next the General writes heartily and tender thank congratulatory telegrams pages that have been re-

part.

To-day's News (this touches on the Jubilee is

Commissioner Ralton's General's birthday in the was one of the most brilliant we have ever had in Germany, consisting of a collection of poems, and containing a published and influential part, and a full attention for over two

In another column on notes on his progress, the writer says:

I have seen folks trying burning under some odd. There is the Band, the hundred who ought to be daring flames of fire, go on all their days, and their lips you would not know they could not leave them trying bit. Then there's the bushel, the Big-Salary bushel, and that is an like, for many folks.

Under the ex-officer banner they say, "could not get. And those they sought to hide their candle from nearly damned for want out, come out, come out!

In the General's day Europe we see him b

The farewell of Com from the Trade Headqu missioner concludes his lating, "I love the dea an prepared to go where and to do whatever he w (N. B.—The English of absorbing interest the world is crowded out "Gist.")

## EASTER W

If you did not a War Cry and because the Captain ask him to send Secretary for some supply all order mail as long as t last,

"Our rule is to write the D.O., or F.O., to confer with the parents; and if the objection is reasonable, we agree."

"What do you consider 'reasonable objection'?"

"If the parents are absolutely dependent upon the candidate for support, a widowed mother, and such like circumstances. But, also! in many cases, parents object on the usual grounds, which lead so many past the path of sacrifice—the love of the world, the reputation, and false notions of a life devoted to Christ."

In "THE GREAT OTHER CAMPAIGN" this week, we find big blows are given to the devil at Bedminster.

A full page heads the columns thus:

**THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE**

Universal Greetings on His 65th Birthday.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE JUBILEE MAIL.

£7,000 START!

Congratulations From the Leader of the House of Commons.

The Triumphant Two Days

follow. There is a graphic account of the whole given, picturing the West End swarmed, the Queen's Hall divinely illuminated, where thousands sought admission in vain. Finally, 120 Candidates are revealed towards the Jubilee 2,000.

The sketch of the scene outside the door, representing what our friend, Sam Jones, might call, "a terrible jam!"

When the General, in the plainest of language, pleaded with every sin-stained soul—

1. To flee sin.
2. To flee sin in haste.
3. To flee sin NOW!

the chairs in front of the platform were put in order as a mercy-seat. Staff officers respectfully left the platform to join the "fellow of men," officers and cadets took their place to pray, and the "fading Sergeants" over the building, rose as one man, and proceeded to their business.

In a few minutes' time, and before a



## Did you know we had started a Co-operative Grocery Store?

in the building had given the slightest indication of an intention to leave, there were twelve men and women (mainly men) upon their knees, seeking either the forgiveness of sin, or entire deliverance from its power. Then a chorus.

The writer's chief business was, of course, to follow the movements of the engagement very much according to the principle by which newspaper correspondents which contending armies from some point of vantage. In this instance, however, he was carried away by the spirit of the hour, and soon found himself now dealing with a submerged note, and a runaway from home, and then with

A WOULD-BE APOLOGIST FOR A PART-CLEAN AND PART-DIRTY MATURE.

At the last count, the number of penitents reached sixty-seven that night.

Then still three more brought the total for the two days to the gloriously unprecedented one of 517.

"We've forgotten all about what the newspapers will make the most of. With them it will be the General's birthday and the 27,000 already given towards the grand total of £70,000 to commemorate his Jubilee.

THE JUBILEE RABBIT  
has been proved by the Chief of Staff. It will be a popular article at a popular price."



MR. JOHN CORY.

Next the General writes a letter, full of hearty and tender thanks for the cloud of congratulatory telegrams, letters, and messages that have been reaching him from all parts.

TO-DAY'S NEWS (this time April 16th) touches on the Jubilee in Germany:

Commissioner Reilston's celebration of the General's birthday in the Tivoli at Leipzig was one of the most brilliant demonstrations we have ever had in Germany. A crowded audience, consisting mostly of the best citizens, and containing many very distinguished and influential people, listened with rapt attention for over two hours.

In another column on the Jubilee, with notes on its progress, plans and prospects, the writer says:

I have seen folks trying to keep the light burning under some odd bushes in my time. There is the Band bush. Young men by the hundred who ought to be smothered, devoured flames of fire, go and stop in a hand all their days, and their lights get so low that you would not know there were any. If you could not bear them trying to blow them up, bit. Then there's the Comfortable-Room bush, the Big-Salary bush, the Courtship bush, and that is an extinguisher, if you like, for many folks. Some soldiers get under the ex-officer bush. "If So-and-so," they say, "could not get on, how can I?" And thus they mortify their consciences, and hide their candle from the snails who are nearly damned for want of its light. Come out, come out, come out!

In the General's departure for North Europe we see him boarding a Wilcox Line.

"The farewell of Commissioner Carleton from the Trade Headquarters. The Commissioner concludes his speech by exclaiming, 'I love the dear old General! I am prepared to go wherever he sends me, and to do whatever he wants me to do.'

(N. B.—The English papers were so full of absorbing interest that the rest of the world is crowded out of this week's "Glot.")

## EASTER WAR CRY.

If you did not get the Easter War Cry and Supplement because the Captain had sold out, ask him to send to the Trade Secretary for some more. We supply all orders by return mail as long as the stock will last.

## Newfoundland Province.

(Continued from last week.)

Major Morris writes: "I skinned the correspondence awaiting me, and some from some of the officers has drawn my heart out wonderfully. One officer, who is trying to reach headquarters on some special business, writes he already has travelled 400 miles, and a great deal of that

On Snow-Shoes.

His food freezing so hard, that he could not eat lunch, by-the-way, drinking water out of very dangerous places, his companion holding on to him, for fear of the snow and ice giving way. Sometimes skating, sometimes climbing mountains; but he means pressing through. We are looking for him coming in every day. Not one word of discouragement have I read from any of them; all seem determined and full of hope, and more success. "Captain Payne undertook to represent the War Cry for the welcome meeting, and Captain Jost, the Sunday's meetings. They report as follows:—

Great Reception to Major and Mrs. Morris.

City officers, Garrison Cadets, and a few soldiers, unexpectedly, turned up at the wharf, to give Major and Mrs. Morris, our new leaders, a down right royal, warm-hearted reception to the Commandant's "pet Island." These happy people are capable of making a Salvationist, in particular, feel "to home."

Our Army barracks was crowded. As Major and Mrs. Morris were drawing nigh to the platform, led on by the indomitable Adjutant, some soul-tormenting volleys full of salvation sweetens fell. Oh, how heavenly are these volleys when given in the spirit! No time lost; the Major called for prayer, and opened the meeting by lining out—

"Short about salvation, boys."

Then after prayer, a song by Captain Ebbury. From the most excellent Easter Oxy ever published in Canada. Major read from the good Book, and gave us a pathetic, soul-stirring address, shaking hands with our feelings.

Adjutant led the testimonies, which bubbled up and boiled over, without tipping the pot, either.

Some danced out their testimonies, some others shouted from joy. The Major got initiated right away, and he is reckoned now as a Newfoundlander, because he engaged in a war dance.

Mrs. Morris won her way into the hearts of the people.

Captain Payne said that he was glad to meet the Major in Newfoundland, and he enjoyed a salvation which made him happy.

Captain Moss, the Rescue Home Mother, told how she took great delight and pleasure in doing God's will.

Captain Baldwin welcomed the Major on behalf of No. 11, corps.

Adjutant and Major led us through a beautiful prayer meeting, and three souls rose from the penitent-form rejoicing in their new-found Saviour.

W. J. P.

Sunday night's meeting was one long to be remembered, not only as being the first Sunday night that Major and Mrs. Morris spent

In describing heaven she said that, after all, the glory, the joy, and song were only the continuation of what we enjoyed down here, only fuller, grander, brighter; the first impulse of the renewed soul is to shout glory, or at least it was in her case.

Though we lazie officers have not as yet been able, either by force or example, or other means, to persuade our new Mother into joining us in praising the Lord in the dance, yet we felt as she spoke that at least she was no stranger to the glory.

She assures us that she enjoys seeing others enjoying themselves in this or any other way in the Lord.

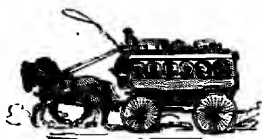
After prayer the Major drew in the net, faithfully dealing with the people. After some united prayer and faith we were rewarded by seeing two sisters kneeling at the mercy seat.

A short wind-up followed, led by Adjutant Emserton.

Our new leaders have, we believe, already won the hearts of the people.

## Staff-Captain Sharp and Lieutenant Morris take in Odessa.

We had to fall back on the old and primitive conveyance—the stage—to take us to our destination—Odessa.



Two old ladies began to talk to each other on religious topics. No doubt our uniform was an incentive to this. We passed a church on the way, when one said:—

"That does not look a very grand building."

Her companion replied:—

"It is not the church that saves."

We thought how true. Some of the greatest marvels in Christendom have been saved where they have sat on boards which rested on barrels, and the light was that of candles, the grease of which flowed down the wall, and not very unfrequently dropped on their coats. The seats also have given way under their burden, and have come with a crash on some individuals.

High Crowned Hat.

Odessa was reached. The Staff-Captain and myself went to the quarters and landed at the door (as we thought) when the Staff-Captain opened it and marched in, shouting, "Glory." But to our astonishment we found there was a mistake, the Captain had moved, and we had to march out, feeling rather ———. We got to the right place at last.

At the barracks we found a fine crowd gathered. A song and solo was rendered, as well as several instruments being brought into use.

We were landed at the holiness meeting Sunday morning every soldier prayed for the blessing of God to be with us. Our faith went up, for surely "the prayers of the righteous availeth much."

One brother in his testimony, said: "If God wants me to be a wheel-barrow I will wheel for Him."

Another: "I'm so happy I don't hardly know whether I'm in heaven or on earth."

There were two or three

Got the Glory, and Danced.

One good lady gave vent by taking a run to the end of the building. At the final two came out for the blessing.

Afternoon meeting. Everything seemed to go off well.

Said one comrade, newly saved, "If you are in the valley you can get out and go on the mountain top. I was there, but came out."

At night, barracks packed out. Appropriate solos and songs were sung. The barracks gave the best of attention at this corps. The Lieutenant, Captain, and Lieutenant Morris spoke consecutively, and Staff-Captain Sharp drew in the net, not in vain, thank God, but with one soul pleading with God for mercy, which be testified to finding. God keep him true.

The work of God is rolling on in Odessa, and everything is looking very bright. The glory we give to God.

Blox.

"Go to the Salvation Army. Their religion is the only thing that can keep you out of prison," said an unwarmed woman to her brother on his release from twelve years' imprisonment in Massachusetts. The man had received similar advice from the jail chaplain, and he was anxious to know what he could do to get out of prison. He was told to go to the Salvation Army.

## It is a Big Contract, isn't it?

TO WRITE A WHOLE "WAR CRY."

Nevertheless, you will see by next week's "War Cry" that

## THE COMMANDANT

does not fall far short in his account of our far-reaching and all-comprehensive plans for

## THE JUBILEE YEAR.

The late hour the steamer was expected to arrive, broke up Adjutant Emserton's elaborate arrangements. The reason for this was, that the authorities thought the Grand Lake, on account of

The Dense Shore Fog.

might not possibly put in appearance until two o'clock a.m., and that the un-intelligence of her lookout for signal in passing Cape Race, was the missing link, which left us to our own judgment in deciding for two o'clock, or "the might-be twelve o'clock."

However, about twelve o'clock struck her all right, and

We Sighted the Major.

looking as lively as if he had met with no railway accident, and avoided the rocking and tossing of the angry billow; but not so, both had to be encountered.

"Major, you are heartily welcome to Newfoundland," might be heard here and there. A couple of volleys, and off the Major puts for his headquarters.

Friday night was announced to be a great reception meeting to Major and Mrs. Morris, and this announcement was carried on the march, painted on a gold-sized transparency. Although

The Frost-Burned Elements

were dissolving, and the mud indicated the showing, precipitation of the weather, yet we numbered about 100 on the march; down New-Grove Street and up Water Street, with three brass instruments leading of each

"Then sneaks, happy song,"

"His blood can make the vilest clean," etc.

with the No. 11 comrades and friends, but as a time of real power and liberty. It was with much difficulty that we made our way through the crowd waiting for entrance, many of whom were disappointed. At last, succeeding, we went down stairs to the little room that has become such a Bethel to our No. 11 comrades, finding them in the midst of a real hot prayer-meeting, led on by our old friend and comrade Sergeant-Major O'Fall.

Up stairs we found the place packed to the doors. Major Morris was already on his feet with his concertina, leading the audience in some choruses, several of them old favorites, and also teaching them some beautiful new ones so well, which did not take long for the music-loving people of No. 11, to take up and sing lustily.

Commencing the meeting, the Major gave out the old song,

"Will you go?"

After prayer and another song, some grand testimonies were given. Captain Baldwin and Boston then gave their experience. The choruses,

"Throw out the life-line,"

was then sung, the Major commenting thereon, giving some very interesting and touching incidents in his own life history.

After a few words from the secretary, Mrs. Morris read to us from the dear old Book, of that heaven where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, and when God Himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and when we shall sing the songs of praise to Him who hath redeemed us.

Sincerely she pressed home upon the fact that only those who had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb could gain entrance there.

## SONGS.

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